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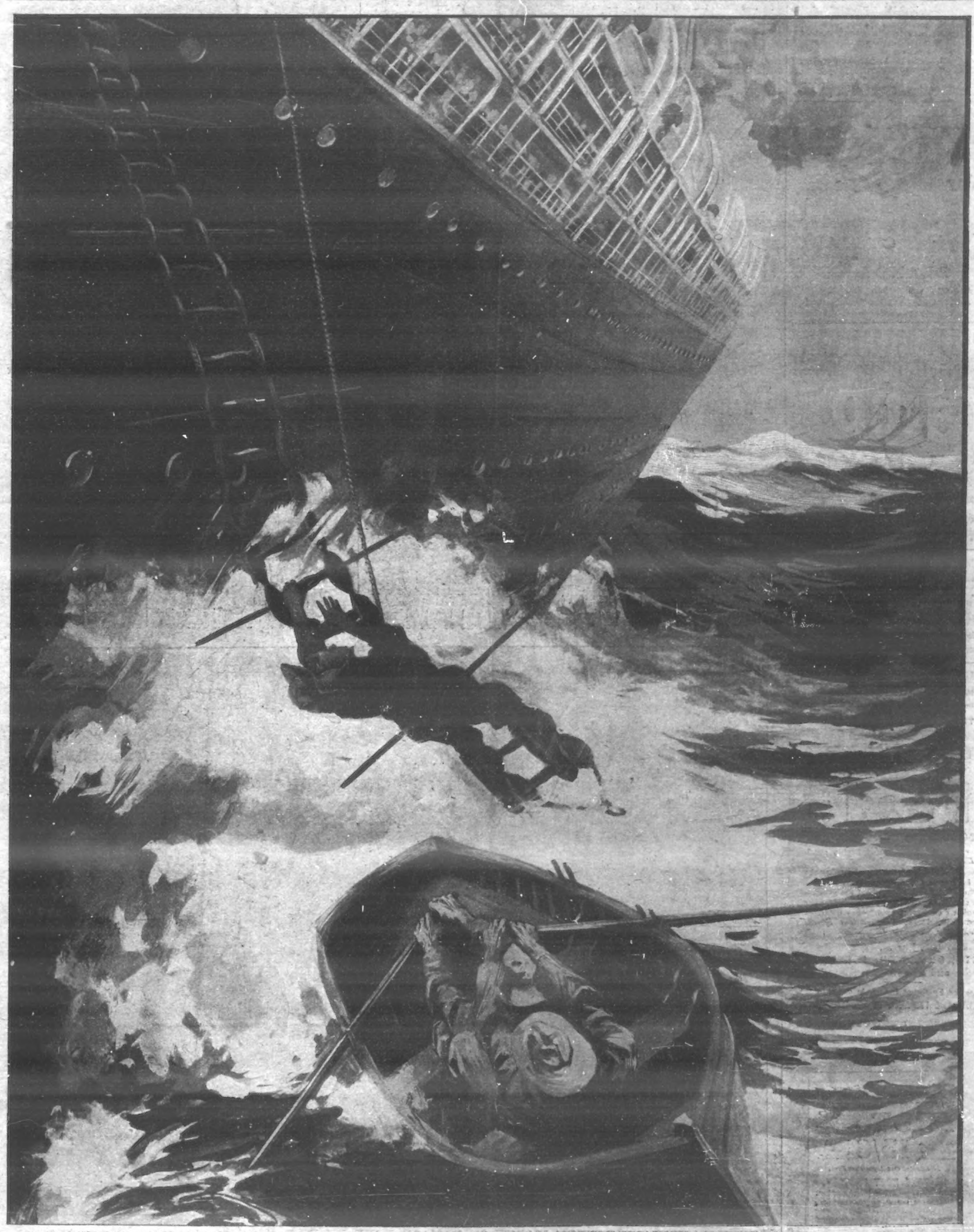

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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Grand Duke's Escape.

Emissaries of the Russian revolutionary party attempted last week to perpetrate one of those reckless crimes which, so far from serving the cause of liberty, only alienate the sympathies of all right-minded people.

The Grand Duke Vladimir, uncle of the Tsar, and the reputed leader of the reactionary party at the Russian Court, was the object of their attack, but in attempting to bring about his death they did not hesitate to endanger the lives of many innocent passengers who travelled by the express train they tried to wreck.

The Grand Duke left Homburg to proceed to Paris. In consequence of information received by the police, the Grand Duke went from Frankfort to Coblence, and thence onwards by

The Grand Duke Vladimir, upon whose life an unsuccessful attempt has just been made.

slow trains. Emissaries of the revolutionary party, not knowing this artifice, attempted to wreck the express train by which they believed the Grand Duke was travelling from Coblence to Trier.

The attempt was made in the vicinity of a small station called Cochem, about 200 yards from a level crossing, where a gate-keeper named Hinze was posted.

Hinze has to patrol the line for some distance on both sides of the crossing.

While engaged in patrolling he suddenly noticed four or five men working on the line. Darkness prevented him from distinguishing what they were doing, but he immediately shouted asking what brought them there.

The men thereupon fled, shouting oaths and threats at Hinze in their anger at being interrupted. Hinze soon found that they had placed a dangerous obstruction across the metals consisting of sleepers stored in a neighbouring shed for use on the line.

Hinze saw that the express train was due to pass that spot within a minute. Altering his lantern to red, he ran swiftly along the line in the direction from which the express was approaching.

He heard the express coming on at full speed, and it was soon within sight. Hinze took up his stand in front of the rapidly approaching train, and frantically waved his red light. The driver saw the signal just in time, shut off steam, and applied the brakes, with the result that the train came to a standstill after a slight collision with the obstruction on the rails.

The passengers escaped with slight shocks. Subsequently suspicious-looking individuals were noticed in the vicinity of the station, but the police have so far been unable to trace them.

Hinze has been rewarded for his promptness and bravery.

Pictures of Royal Pets.

Mrs. Gertrude Massey is showing at the Ryder Gallery, Albemarle Street, a number of very dainty miniatures of royal children and royal pets. The Queen paid the gallery a surprise visit last week, and spent some time examining the tiny pictures with great attention.

The King's favourite bull-dog, "Peter," poses in an attitude of supreme self-importance, flanked by some graceful collies belonging to the Queen. Oval portraits of Princess Mary Victoria of Wales and her brothers hang in a line. They bear a strong family likeness, but the characteristic features of each child have been most carefully studied.

A full length, about 3in. high, of a quaint little maiden in a Kate Greenaway cloak and hood is absolutely fascinating, and there is a very dignified and beautiful profile of the Marchioness of Lansdowne.

Photo, Press Illustrative Agency.

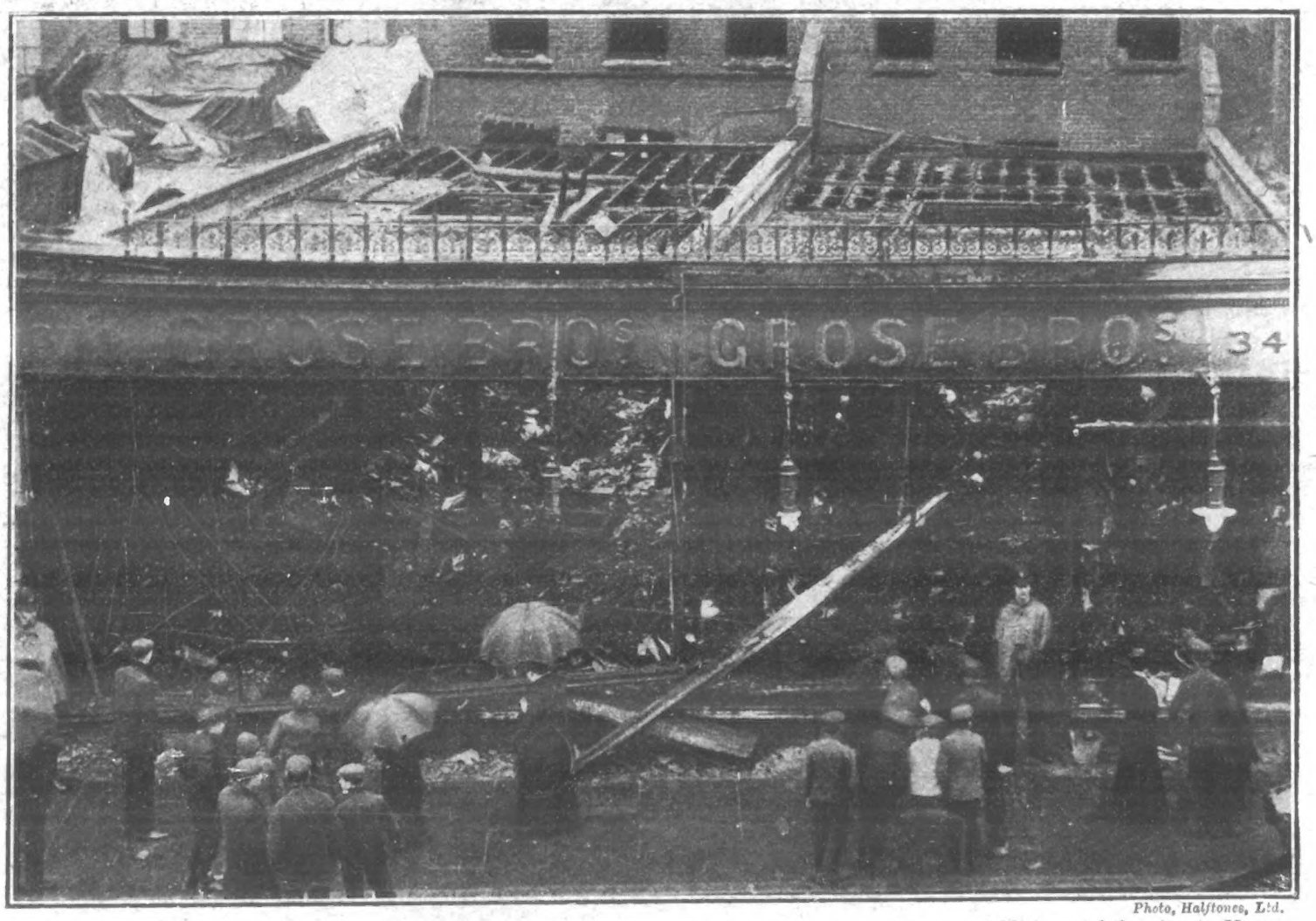
THE FUTURE QUEEN OF BAVARIA: Princess Rupprecht of Bavaria with Prince Luitpold and Prince Albrecht, her two sons. Princess Rupprecht is the daughter of the Duke Carl Theodor of Bavaria, the Royal oculist. She married Prince Rupprecht in 1900. He is the son of Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, and grandson of the Prince Regent, and will one day be King of Bavaria.

The rest of the gallery is hung with a collection of oil paintings by Eugène Benson, who has a studio at Venice. Her Majesty selected and carried off a little sketch of a twilight sky which took her fancy.

Mr. Benson is imbued with the same feeling for Italian landscape which inspired Signor Costa's large canvases, and his choice of subjects is equally unconventional.

At the Doré Gallery Miss Marjorie Murray has filled a small room with some very slight but graceful water-colours, which she has priced so modestly that they will sell very readily. She does not attempt to carry her work very far, but it is fresh and natural, and she contrives with very little effort to convey the feeling of the places she paints.

Wells Cathedral from the Bishop's Fields, The Little Cloister at Westminster, and a stretch of heather on Ashdown Forest are among the more attractive of her pretty sketches.



Photo, Halftones, Ltd.

THIRTY THOUSAND POUNDS' WORTH OF DAMAGE DONE BY FIRE: The huge drapery establishment belonging to Messrs. Grose Brothers, Limited, Walworth Road, was gutted by a fire last week. Though there were a large staff of shopmen and girls and many customers on the premises, no one was hurt, but damage to the amount of £30,000 was done.

Marriage of Mr. A. Chamberlain.

There is a consensus of opinion that the wedding of the Right Hon. Austen Chamberlain and Miss Ivy Dundas at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Saturday, was the brightest and prettiest of the season.

There was only one note of disappointment. The numerous crowds which collected in Parliament Square fully two hours before the time appointed for the service waited in vain to cheer the bridegroom's father, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who was, owing to an attack of gout, compelled to remain at home in obedience to his medical adviser's commands. But the crowds' cheers for Mr. Austen Chamberlain and his bride were none the less hearty.

Before leaving for the honeymoon, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and his bride drove to Prince's Gardens to see his father.

St. Margaret's was filled to its utmost capacity. The bridegroom, tall, strong, alert, and beaming with happiness, showed no trace of nervousness.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, who sat next to her mother, Mrs. Endicott, looked particularly charming in a hand-painted chiffon gown with a pink flowered hat. She carried a bouquet of pink carnations.

Very tall, sweet, and stately, the bride made a charming picture in her simple robe of white satin as she came slowly up the aisle leaning on the arm of her father, Colonel H. L. Dundas, a typical soldier, upright and smart, with an iron-grey moustache.

As she stood by the bridegroom under giant palms there appeared to be only the slightest difference in the height of the pair.

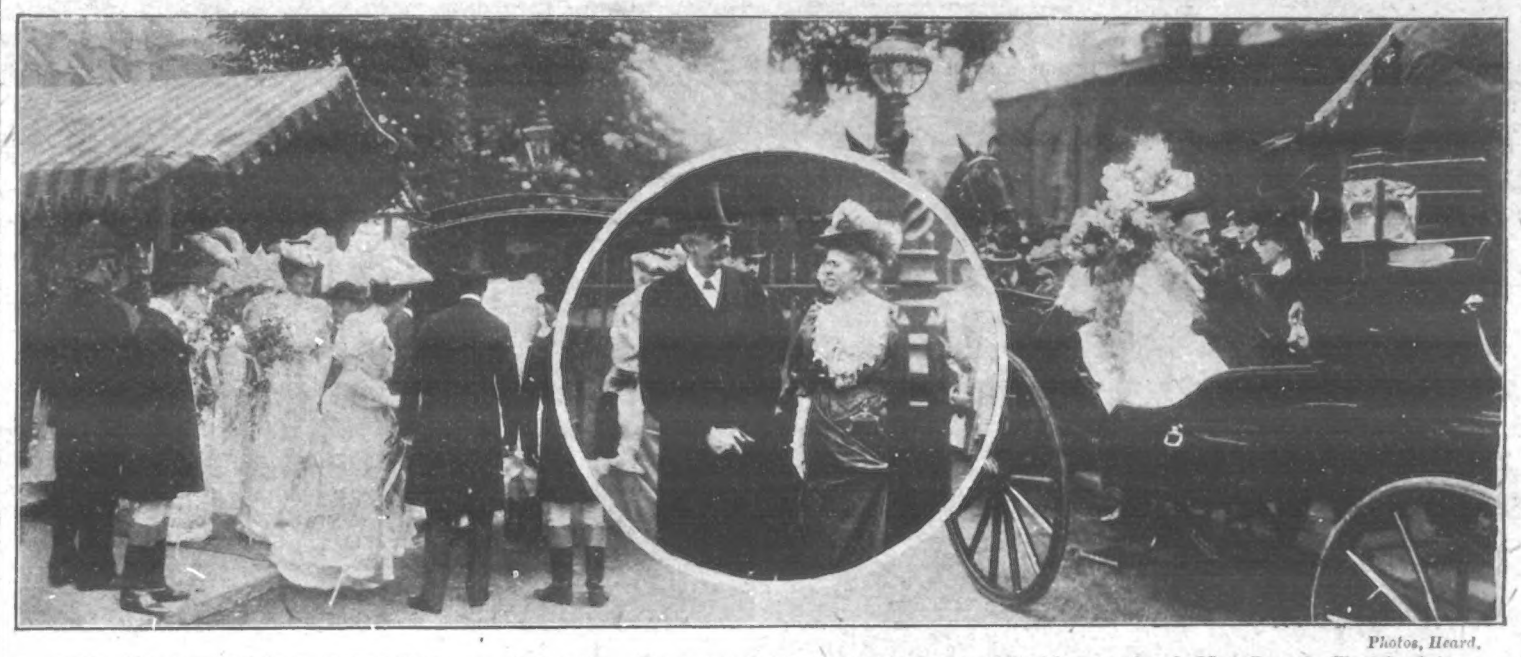
The Directoire gowns of the eight bridesmaids—Miss Margaret Dundas, the sister of the bride, the Misses Ida and Hilda Chamberlain, Miss Constance Rider, the Misses Dorothy and Margaret Codrington, Miss Barbara Jones, and Miss Violet Hargreaves—were immensely admired. The pale colours blended beautifully. The skirts were all similar, but the coats were in different shades—two pink, two mauve, two blue, and two green. The tall Directoire canes tied with pink flowers completed the colour scheme.

After the bride and bridegroom and the bridesmaids no one created more attention in the church than little Miss Hilda Richards, a granddaughter of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain who, with Master Sidney Hargreaves, acted as trainbearer. This pretty girl, with her dark hair curling over her face, and a three-cornered hat set jauntily on her head, behaved like a "little princess" throughout the service. Her immense dignity and the majestic bearing of Master Hargreaves as they carried the bride's train to the accompaniment of the "Wedding March" caused general amusement.

The smiling pair received an ovation from the great crowds in Parliament Square as they drove away to Queen Anne's Mansions, where Colonel and Mrs. Dundas received a very large number of guests.

More cheers greeted Mr. and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain when they left later for the honeymoon, which is to be spent at Camilla Lacey, lent by Mr. and Mrs. Leverton Harris.

THE CHAMBERLAIN WEDDING.



Photos, Heard.

THE CHAMBERLAIN WEDDING: 1. A bouquet of beauty—the bridesmaids leaving St. Margaret's. 2. Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain. Inset is a photo of Mr. Balfour and his sister leaving the church after the ceremony.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE CHAMBERLAIN WEDDING: 1. The Bride arriving at the church. 2. The train-bearers awaiting the arrival of the bride. 3. The Bride and Bridegroom leaving St. Margaret's Church after the wedding.

In Warmest London.

American women have solved the problem of how to keep cool. It is, they contend, a matter of "how to see cool."

"Your women fuss too much about dress in hot weather," an American visitor said to a *Daily Express* representative on Saturday. "They run round in white muslin frocks and look at the sun. You can hear them thinking, 'My, it is hot,' half a mile away. We don't care whether our frocks are white muslin or brown linen. When the thermometer registers 80 deg. in the shade we just go and look at something refreshing, and feel cool right away."

"Cooling sights" are eagerly sought for in consequence of the new discovery.

On Wednesday, the hottest day of the year, a group of fair Americans arranged themselves picturesquely on some steps near Covent Garden. Their gaze wandered beyond the steaming horses and heated men to banks of flowers and forests of green in the market. The American woman places a lump of ice in her boudoir, surrounds it with roses, and inspects it until she is as cool as the proverbial cucumber. Even as a last resource a picture of the Niagara Falls is better than nothing.

Photo, W. J. Read, Bexhill.

THE LORD MAYOR AT BEXHILL: On Saturday last the Lord Mayor of London, with the Lady Mayoress and Sheriffs, visited Bexhill-on-Sea, and opened an extension of Egerton Park in semi-state. The pretty town was en fête for the occasion, and a reception and garden party were given by the Mayor and Mayoress of Bexhill. During their stay the visitors were entertained at the Hotel Métropole, which has a fine position on the sea-front, and Mr. J. Straus, who has done much for Bexhill, is to be congratulated on the splendid manner in which the comfort of the guests was attended to. Mr. U. K. Stratton delighted the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs by motor trips amid the charming scenery of the neighbourhood.

Narrow Escape of the Prince of Wales.

The Prince and Princess of Wales narrowly escaped serious injury in a carriage accident at Hertford on Monday, where they had gone to open the new girls' school of Christ's Hospital.

Their Royal Highnesses were met at the Great Northern Railway station by the mayor and high sheriff, and after a formal reception entered a cee-spring semi-state landau drawn by two horses belonging to the Marquis of Salisbury, the newly-elected high steward of the borough.

The royal carriage was followed by a second conveying Viscount Crichton and Lady Mary Lygon, and was preceded by two mounted policemen. A third policeman brought up the rear.

The cheers of the enormous crowds of spectators who lined the gaily decorated streets alarmed the horses, and as the procession neared the new buildings, which are situated at the end of Fore Street and approached by a tree-lined avenue, the animals began to rear and plunge dangerously.

The spectators were not permitted to enter the avenue, but a great crowd had gathered outside the gates, and as the royal carriage neared them they burst into a roar of welcome.

The horses stopped short and then, with a wild plunge, bolted. They dashed through the gates at a terrific pace, and, despite the efforts of the coachman, tore along the avenue.

The carriage swayed dangerously from side to side, and it appeared that nothing would check them until they reached the dais at the end of the avenue, on which were the Lord Mayor of London, the Lady Mayoress, the Marquis of Salisbury, the sheriffs, and the officials of Christ's Hospital.

The mounted policemen, who at the first mad dash of the horses had been left behind, now were galloping close behind the carriage, and one of them, drawing level with the horses when they were less than thirty yards from the dais, caused them to turn to one side of the avenue.

Without slackening their mad speed in the slightest the horses dashed towards the row of lime trees bordering the avenue at a spot where, just behind, a row of wards had been built.

The danger was grave, and but for the fortunate circumstance that a rope had been stretched between the trees a serious accident would undoubtedly have occurred.

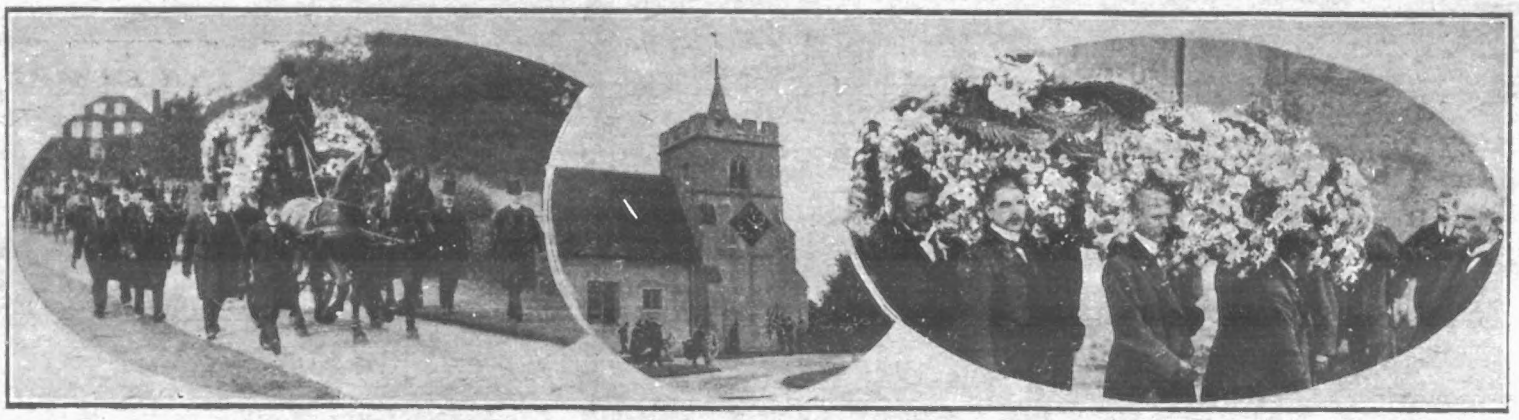
As it was, the horses struck the rope, and the slight check thus administered gave the policemen time to seize their heads. When they were pulled up the trembling animals were separated by a tree, the bark of which had been torn by the mountings on the harness.

Directly it was seen that something had happened, Lord Salisbury, the Lord Mayor, the sheriffs, and their friends hastily left the dais and went to the assistance of their Royal Highnesses, who had remained seated in the carriage exhibiting the utmost calmness. When the horses were quieted the Princess was helped from the carriage.

The formal reception was abandoned, and without delay the Prince and Princess, accompanied by the civic party, went to inspect some of the new buildings, visiting, among other portions, the gymnasium and the bath.

The Margate of the North.

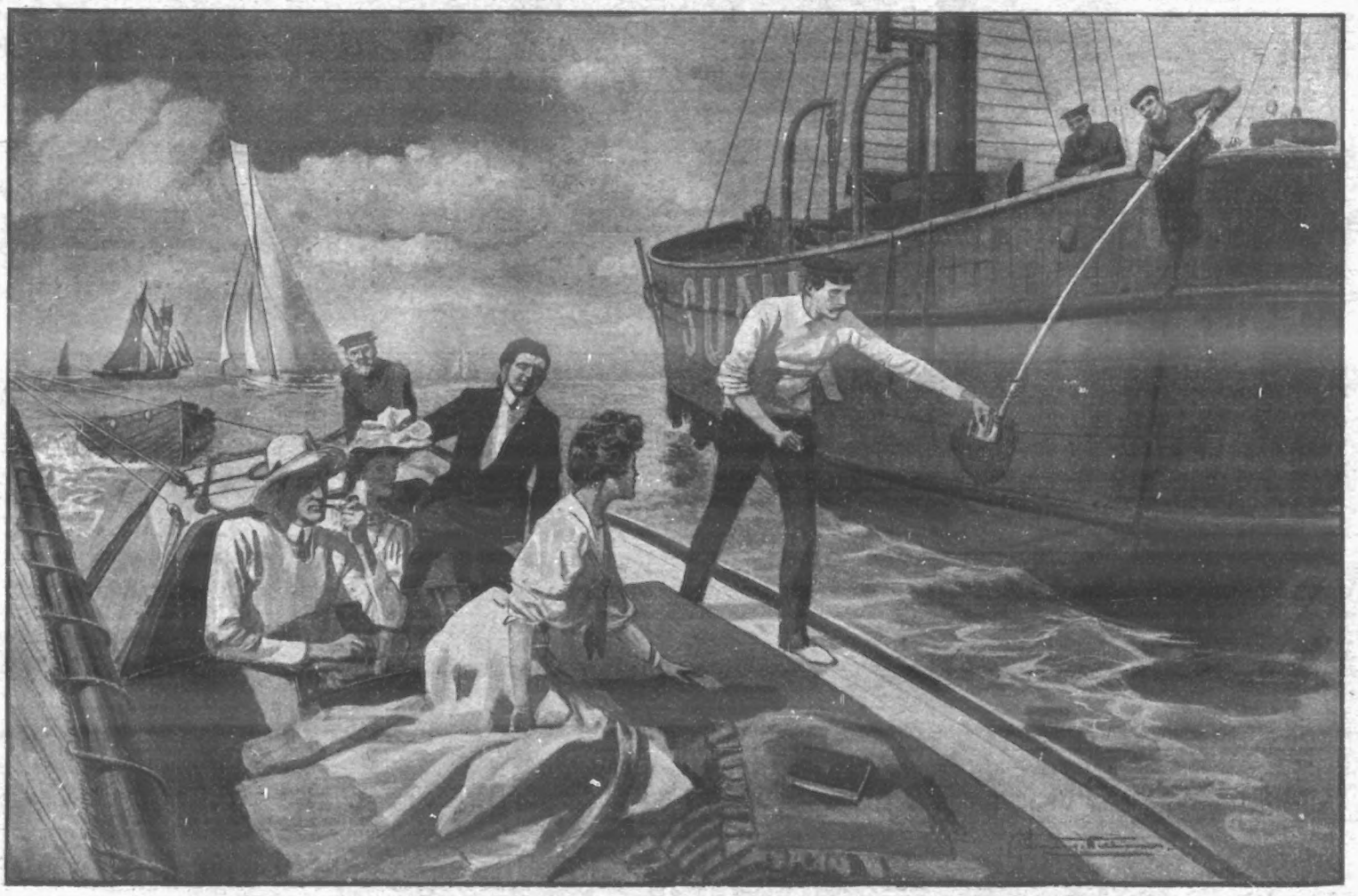
To the enterprise of the Great Central Railway may be attributed the great popularity of this rising seaside town on the Lincolnshire coast, which is well served with railway and steamboat facilities that tend towards the holiday maker's enjoyment. Cleethorpes is a bracing little place with good bathing, fine sands, and a variety of amusements, and in the way of accommodation provides for all classes. Among the more prominent features of the place are the pier and gardens, forming a very pleasant promenade. Sea trips can be enjoyed by means of well-appointed steamers plying to Spurn Point, Bridlington, Scarborough, and places on the Lincolnshire coast, and pleasant drives may be taken to Pelham Pillar (one of the prettiest parts of Lincolnshire), Croxby Pond, Limber (for the Mausoleum), Humberstone Avenue, Brocklesby Park, Thornton Abbey, and many other interesting places. Any inquiries, either with regard to apartments or other matters, if addressed to Mr. W. Bolland, Great Central Railway, The Pier, Cleethorpes, will receive immediate attention. Information as to train service, including the 4s. 3d. day trips from Marylebone, and the 17s. excursion tickets available for seventeen days, will be found in the A B C programmes, to be obtained at any Great Central Station, Town Office, or Agency.



Photos, Halftones and Lolak.

THE FUNERAL OF A MILLIONAIRE: Scenes at the funeral of Mr. Beit. Mr. Beit has left to Imperial and charitable schemes the bulk of his immense fortune.

MILITARY COMPETITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: Some sketches by our special artist, Dudley Cleaver, made in the grounds last Saturday.



POSTAL FACILITIES ON THE HIGH SEAS.—COLLECTING A LETTER FROM A LIGHTSHIP: It is no uncommon thing for the isolated dwellers on a lightship, when they have a letter for the shore, to request a passing yacht to collect and post the same. The missive, attached to a piece of wood which causes it to float if dropped, is then lowered in the manner shown by our picture, and taken charge of by the self-installed auxiliary postman.

Dissolved by the Tsar.

The Tsar has dissolved the Duma because of the rejection of the Government's agrarian programme, and in an Imperial Manifesto made public in St. Petersburg last Sunday night he declares that he will oppose such arbitrary acts "with all the force of the power of the State." In consequence of the dissolution the gravest disorders are feared, and general strikes are expected all over European Russia.

Like a bolt from the blue came the imperial ukase dissolving the Duma, and ordering elections for the new Duma, which is to be convoked on March 5, 1907.

Opinion is divided as to the possibility of a general uprising at this time, but there is no doubt that the Tsar's challenge to the people will be immediately followed by strikes in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and other large cities. These strikes are being organised by the Socialist revolutionary committee at Moscow.

The railways will undoubtedly be suspended, and as the telegraphists and post-office employees are willing to join the movement, communication will doubtless be interrupted between the capital and other points in European Russia.

The Government realise that the railways will soon be paralysed, and they have been busy concentrating loyal troops in St. Petersburg for the defence of the city.

There were no troops in evidence on Sunday, however. They were hidden in the barracks and riding schools, and the only signs of military activity were furnished by a number of ambulances, station in the heart of the city.

The people are mainly stolid and impassive, as they were after the battles of Mukden and the Straits of Tsushima, but in conversation they openly advocate bloodshed. A section of the revolutionaries are pleased at the turn affairs have taken, regarding the Duma as a brake on the movement of the mob crying against the Government.

The resignation of M. Goremykin as Premier is accepted, as is the resignation of M. Stitskinski, Minister of Agriculture. M. Stolypin, a liberal-minded man of strong character, becomes Premier, while retaining the Ministry of the Interior. Other Cabinet changes are anticipated.

The dissolution of the Duma was decided on at Peterhof on Saturday at the Council presided over by the Tsar, when it was unanimously agreed that the Duma's resolution on the agrarian question could not be accepted by the Government.

The majority of the deputies have gone to Viborg, Finland, where they will discuss the situation. Seventy deputies left St. Petersburg by the 4.30 train on Sunday afternoon.

St. Petersburg has been placed in a state of "proper protection," which virtually amounts to martial law.

Plot against the Tsar.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Paris *Journal* says the authorities have discovered a serious plot against the Emperor, hatched by soldiers and sailors at Kronstadt.

It is said they formed plans for capturing the castle of Peterhof by bombarding or setting fire to it if necessary, and taking possession of the Tsar's body, dead or alive.

Lady of the Isle.

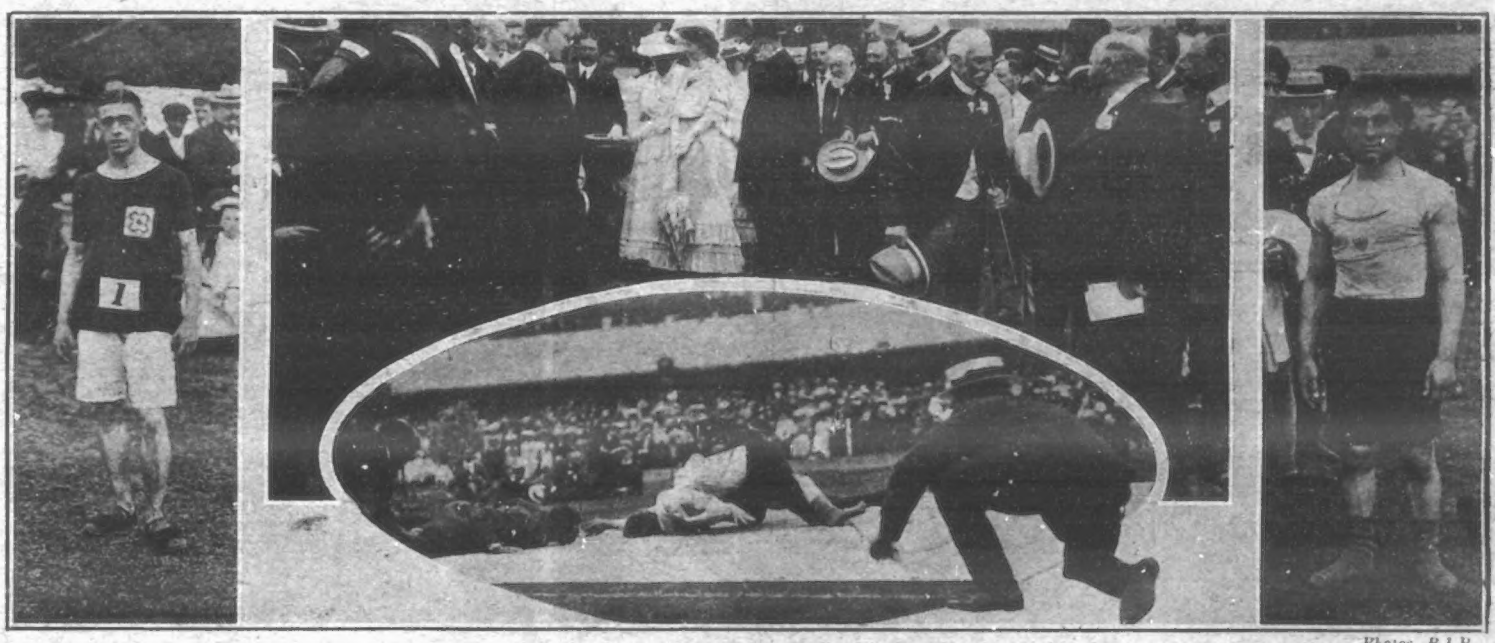
In all "our far flung battle line," one spot alone—the Isle of Wight—is under the governorship of a lady—Princess Henry of Battenberg. This office, according to an article in *Cassell's Magazine*, forms an interesting link between the present time and that when, two centuries after the Norman Conquest, old Vectis was controlled by independent lords, who exercised all the rights of sovereignty.

The first lady to hold sway over the Garden Isle was Amicia de Clare, daughter of the Earl of Gloucester, who took up the office in the middle of the thirteenth century, and was succeeded by Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Albemarle, and Lady of the Isle of Wight.

It is as Captain-General and Governor of the Isle of Wight, and Governor of Carisbrooke Castle that Princess Henry of Battenberg so admirably fills a position similar to that held by several distinguished ladies and gallant knights in days of old. And, as in those times, the official residence is at Carisbrooke Castle.

Louis de Rougemont Rides a Turtle.

DE ROUGEMONT AND THE TURTLE: M. Louis de Rougemont is shown in this photograph convincing his "disbelieving public" of his ability to ride a turtle successfully in water.



Photos, P.I.P

ESSEX COUNTY ATHLETIC SPORTS: 1. F. H. Hulford (Birchfield Harriers), winner of three miles flat race for the Essex "Atalanta Cup." 2. Some notabilities on the ground, Lord O'Hagan, Sir Claude de Crespigny, Bishop of Colchester, and Miss Fowell Buxton, who presented the prizes. 3. Catch as catch can wrestling contest. A fall. 4. S. V. Bacon (London Amateur Wrestling Society), who defeated A. C. Powell in the final bout of the Catch as Catch Can wrestling contest.

CLEETHORPES, THE MARGATE OF NORTH-EASTERN ENGLAND: This popular watering place has the credit of providing the holiday maker with the longest and cheapest railway ride in the kingdom. Weekly the Great Central Railway run excursion trains between London and Cleethorpes at a fare of 4s. 3d. for the return journey, a run that works out at about nine miles for one penny, the distance being nearly 223 miles each way.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

Interest has been well maintained this season despite the absence of an Australian team and the poor form of the West Indians. The county championship is in a more than usually interesting state, for, up to the time of writing, Surrey and Yorkshire figure on level terms at the head of the table, and their match this week-end is thus rendered all the more engrossing. Not that the winning of this fixture will place either of them in a position of security, for the summit of the hill is far from being reached, and there is more than a remote chance that either may be beaten by counties who at the present time hold inferior records.

However, that is a possibility of the future, and dealing with the present, surely every lover of cricket must rejoice in the great success of W. G. Grace in the Gentlemen and Players' match at the Oval. There seems no stopping the grand old man of cricket, and his fine contribution

Photo, P.I.P.

The Grand Old Man of Cricket: Dr. W. G. Grace, who scored 74 runs in the Gentlemen and Players match on his fifty-eighth birthday.

of seventy-four, made against some of the best professional bowling in England, was quite worthy of his best days. It used to be said of the late Alfred Shaw that he could pitch a ball just where he liked, and the famous Nottingham bowler remarked that: "I put them where I like, but 'W. G.' puts them where he likes."

George Ulyett, the famous Yorkshire cricketer, also had something to say on the subject. The Doctor's easy method of getting his runs had so impressed a friend of Uylett that the friend remarked: "But he only pats them." The Yorkshireman's reply was very terse: "He only pats them, but he pats them to the boundary." Yes, "W. G." is undoubtedly the greatest batsman that ever lived, and to score seventy-four on his fifty-eighth birthday is a feat without a parallel, and likely to remain so.

If it were the silly season and the newspapers were not served by men of the highest integrity, the public might be tempted to look with an incredulous eye upon some of the giant scores of last week. But there they are, chronicled in the Press, and preserved in the official score-books of the counties engaged. The match between Worcestershire and Leicestershire was especially prolific in run-getting, no fewer than 1,425 runs being scored for the loss of only sixteen wickets, an average of over eighty runs per wicket, and only exceeded twice in first-class cricket.

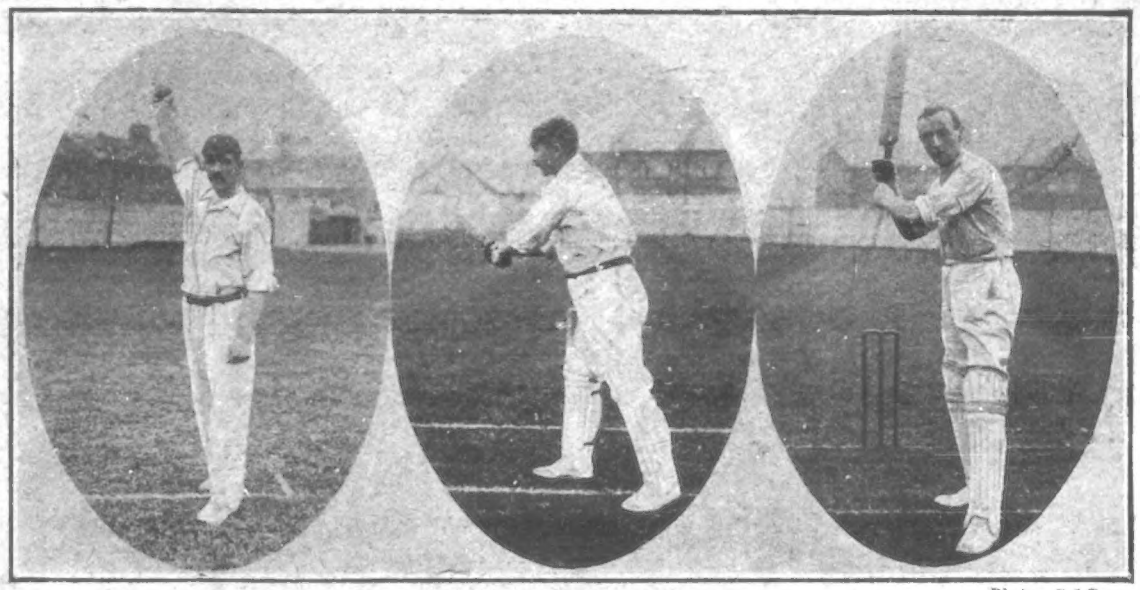
No less than five men exceeded the century, and C. J. B. Wood and Whitehead came very near to establishing a fresh record for a first-wicket stand by making 380 before being separated. It is the third best partnership, the record standing to Tunnicliffe and Brown, who were together while 554 runs were put on for Yorkshire against Derbyshire at Chesterfield in 1898, and the next best is a stand of 391 by A. O. Jones and the late Arthur Shrewsbury against Gloucestershire in 1899. Leicestershire scored 701 for four wickets and declared, but there was no chance of a finish.

Heavy scoring caused the Surrey *v.* Warwickshire match at Edgbaston to be abandoned as a draw. Surrey made the formidable total of 562 in their first innings; Hayward, by putting on 109, scoring his eleventh century of the season. A. Baker contributed a fine innings of 155 (not out). Warwickshire replied to Surrey's innings with 510, Devey and C. S. Baker both exceeding the century.

It was my lot to witness all of the three days' play between Essex and Northamptonshire at Leyton, and though there were bright interludes, the play, for the most part, was singularly lifeless. In the first innings of Essex F. L. Fane scored a century, and there were several other useful scores. When Northants batted, they played the stonewall game to perfection, but it did not prevent them from finishing 171 in arrear, which, of course, gave Essex the option of causing them to follow on. However, Fane decreed otherwise, and the Midlanders just escaped defeat by the aid of the clock.

Yorkshire won their match against Somerset at Huddersfield, the margin in their favour being an innings and six runs. The western county had fought so well against adverse circumstances on the Friday, that better things were hoped for, but, despite a fine innings of seventy-five by H. Martyn, the all-round strength of the Yorkshiremen told its usual tale, with the result that they won without being extended.

Kent have every reason to be satisfied with their Tunbridge Wells' week, for they not only had fine weather and good attendances, but they won both of their matches. On the first three days they were opposed to Essex, and, despite a century each by C. McGahey and Percy Perrin, they won the match. The final fixture was against Gloucestershire, and the latter were defeated by ninety runs. Kent generally do well in their home matches, especially in their "weeks," and this season has been no exception.



Photos, P.I.P.

CRICKET ATTITUDES—ESSEX: 1. W. Reeves. 2. H. Carpenter. 3. C. McGahey.

Sussex sadly miss C. B. Fry and K. S. Ranjitsinhji. Fry's absence is well accounted for, but the movements of "Ranji" are still enshrouded in mystery. Lancashire badly beat the seaside county at Old Trafford by 281 runs. Quite the feature of the last innings of Sussex was the capital slow bowling of Willis Cuttell, who captured six wickets for only fifty-seven runs. That, coupled with four for fifty-five in the first innings, gave him the excellent record for the match of ten for 112, or a trifle over ten runs each. Cuttell is another of the young-old ones.

as will also other aspirants for the "Alexander" Cup.

H. Taylor, who has performed so many excellent feats this year, created a world's record last Saturday in the half-mile championship of the A.S.A. He swam magnificently, and, in covering the distance in 11min. 25 2-5sec., easily beat B. B. Kieran's time of 11min. 28sec., which the Australian made last August at Leicester. Taylor's nearest opponent at Rockswage last Saturday was P. H. Lister, who, however, was 45yds. behind the champion. T. S. Battersby was third.

Photo, P.I.P.

BISLEY: Captain Davies, winner of the King's Prize.

SWIMMING.

Channel swimmers have been very busy of late, but Capt. Webb's record is still intact. J. Wolffe, the Glasgow amateur, might have succeeded last week if he had not, in the exuberance of his joy in learning that he had made the fastest passage up to a certain point, strained a muscle of his left thigh. But he will try again

King's Prize Won by Record Score.

The coveted King's Prize was carried off at Bisley on Saturday by a Welshman—Capt. R. F. Davies, of the 1st Middlesex, V.R.C.

Both Capt. Davies and his nearest rival, Private W. Craster, of Rhodesia, created fresh records for Bisley. They secured the grand aggregate of 324 and 323 points respectively.

The closest approach to this, under the present conditions, was a total score of 321, which was reached two years ago by Private S. T. Perry, a Canadian marksman.

By a fortunate coincidence, the regiment in which Saturday's winner is an officer, was present as a guard of honour for Prince Arthur of Connaught, who distributed the prizes in what is locally styled the "umbrella tent."

Never in the history of the King's Prize has the competition been more keen and exciting.

When the ropes were carried back to the 1,000 yards range on Saturday the excitement rose to fever heat. Onlookers rushed up and down the firing stand, eagerly watching the steadily-rising scores. Finally they grouped themselves round the two likeliest men, Capt. Davies and Private Craster.

Private Craster was the first to finish. He had dropped eight points at the long distance. The large crowd then moved to the end at which Capt. Davies lay stretched on his mat. It was the last shot that won him the prize. When he learnt of his triumph his face flushed with pleasure and excitement. It seemed as though, for the time, his iron nerves had broken down. Prince Arthur of Connaught, General Lord Cheylesmore, Colonel Ricardo, Colonel Eustace Balfour, General Sir John Maxwell, the Duke of Wellington, and Earl Waldegrave ran forward and gripped his hand in turn.

When the final shot was fired, Lord Cheylesmore called for the chair in which so many winners have been borne round the camp in triumph. Capt. Davies was lifted into it, and, preceded by the band playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes," was carried shoulder-high round the cheering camp.

Winner's Career.

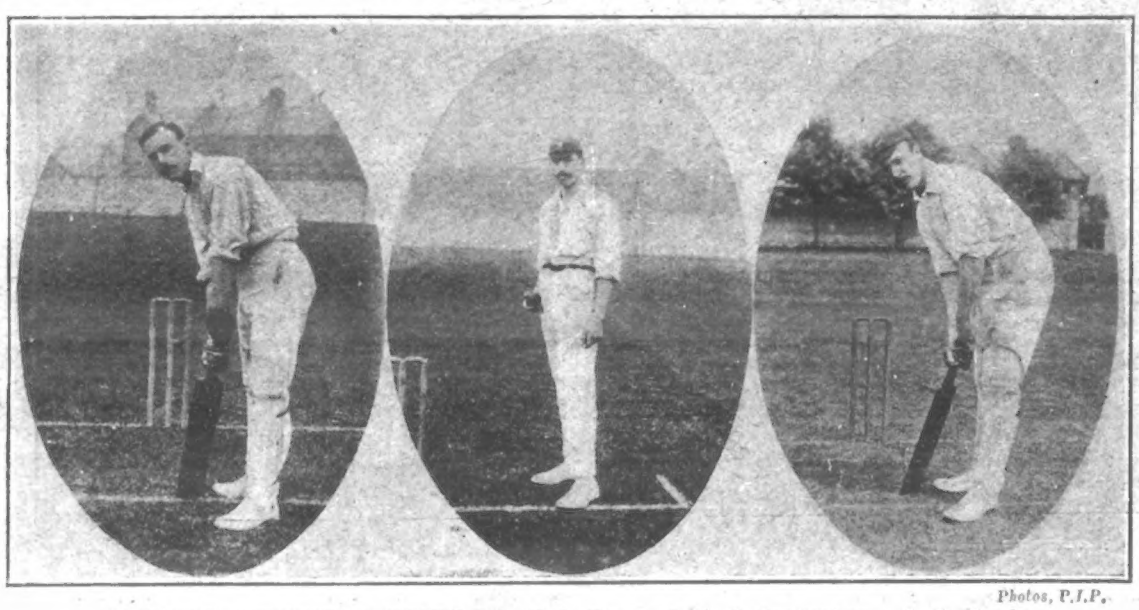
Capt. Davies is a man of average height and sturdy build. His face bears the stamp of will-power and unfailing nerve. He is a member of a firm of stock-brokers, Messrs. F. Herbert Davies and Co., and is twenty-nine years of age. He was educated at Marlborough, and has always been a sturdy advocate of the Volunteer movement. One of his views, which is shared by many, is that the prizemen should act as instructors in the art of shooting.

He went out as a subaltern with the first batch of Volunteers to the Boer War in the Special Service Company of the King's Royal Rifles. On the death of the commanding officer, Capt. Davies took over the command, and received the rank of hon. captain in the Army.

Private Craster, who has also created a record, is a bearded stalwart from Salisbury, in Rhodesia. "I had hard luck," he said to an *Express* representative. "A glance at my score will show how many of my shots lodged just outside the border line of the bull. I shall not be able to come next year."

The Bell of Justice.

There is a beautiful story in *The Quiver* for July of one of the old cities in Italy where the King had a bell hung up in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it the "Bell of Justice." Anyone who had been wronged was commanded to go and ring the bell, and thus call on the judges of the city to redress the wrong. In the course of time the end of the bell-rope rotted away, so a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it. One day an old horse, which had been turned out by its cruel owner to starve, wandered into the tower, and, in trying to eat the vine, rang the bell. When the judge of the city came to see who had suffered an injustice, he found the old horse. He ordered that, since the animal had rung the "Bell of Justice," he should have justice done to him, and commanded the owner to take the animal home and feed and care for him so long as he lived.



Photos, P.I.P.

CRICKET ATTITUDES—ESSEX: 1. F. L. Fane. 2. C. P. Buckenham. 3. P. Perrin.

The Diary of a Baby.

Being a Free Record of the Unconscious Thought of Rosalys Ysolde Smith, aged one year.

By BARRY PAIN.

Starts in the Holiday Number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Published on Friday, August 3rd.

ONE PENNY. ONE PENNY.

ATHLETICS & CYCLING.

The Essex County Championships always provide a good afternoon's sport, and last Saturday's meeting at Chelmsford provided some magnificent racing. The entries were good and a crowd of some 9,000 people turned out to witness the racing, the gathering being held, as usual, in the Bishop of Colchester's grounds. The 100 yards championship resulted in a fine race, and it was officially given as a dead-heat between J. Austin-Miller, of the Essex Beagles and the Woodford Lacrosse Club, holder of the title, and H. S. Harmer, of the Southend Harriers, though several good judges who were in a line with the tape, but had nothing to do with the verdict, thought that Harmer had won.

However, the latter was compensated by winning the quarter, with W. H. Martin, Essex Beagles, second, and F. J. Payley, Highgate Harriers, third. The mile championship was secured by L. D. Drysdale, of the Essex Beagles. The second place was filled by L. J. J. Pullar, St. Bride's A.C., and the third by A. Driver, Bocking Harriers. The two miles walking championship went to an ex-holder in G. A. Taylor, Arc Works A.C.; A. Pooley, Essex Beagles, finished second, and the holder, T. O'Gormon, Essex Beagles, third. The one mile cycling championship saw the holder, J. P. Taylorson, Beaumont C.C., first past the judges, followed by J. H. Bishop, of the same club, and S. F. Bailey, of the South West Ham Rovers, in the order named.

In the open handicap at 100 yards first honours were awarded to F. W. Bradley, of the Finchley Harriers. H. M. C. Ledger, of the Ipswich Burtons A.C., was first home in the 300 yards open hurdles handicap, and E. F. Voales, L.A.C. and Malden H., won the open mile handicap. There was also an open mile bicycle handicap. This was won by W. J. Bailey, of the Polytechnic Harriers.

A couple of scratch races figured on the programme in addition to the championships. These were a half-mile race on the flat, and the three miles scratch race for the Essex Atalanta Cup. J. F. Lintott, of the L.A.C. and Ranelagh Harriers, accomplished a fine performance by winning the four furlongs in 1min. 59 4-5sec., and the four mile champion, F. H. Hulford, Birchfield H., won the longer race.

There is always plenty of good sport at the Salford Harriers' meetings, and some of the best runners are generally to be found competing there. Last Saturday's sports were no exception to the rule. The only drawback was the failure of the 100 yards champion, J. W. Martin, to fulfil his engagement in the level sprint. In his absence it was won by A. Hargreaves of the home club, H. Pankhurst being second, and the well-known West of Scotland man, J. P. Stark, third.

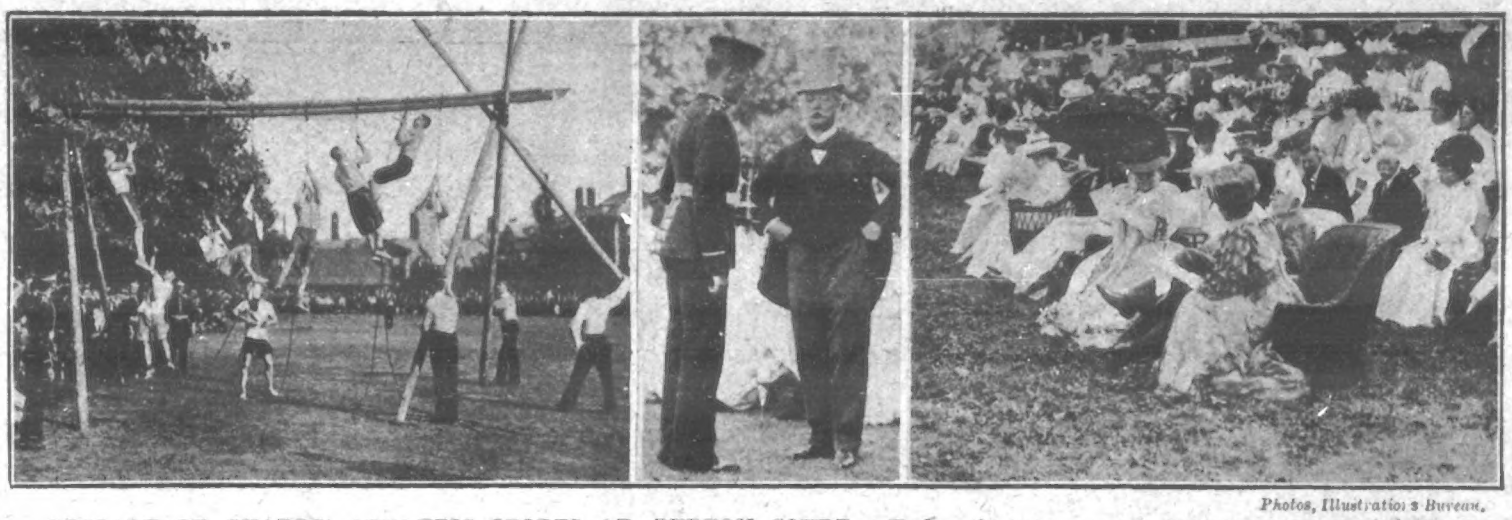
C. Robertson, Sutton H., was first in the half-mile flat handicap, and the 500 yards obstacle handicap was won by G. Thorneycroft, Salford Harriers. A Nelson, Broughton H., was first man home in the 120 yards. In the two miles walk, J. Johnson, of Salford, caught the judge's eye first, and the scratch man, J. A. Burton, of the Sefton H., broke the tape in advance of the others in the 300 yards obstacle.

The mile resulted in the success of A. Gibson, Salford, and the half-mile championship of the promoting club was won by A. Astley. R. A. Rothery, of Broughton, scored in the 440 yards. In the Northern Counties steepelechase handicap, the holder, O. Sykes, of Salford, was beaten by J. English, a fellow club mate. There was a mile invitation relay race, and the home team won it.

In the cycling events, J. Dounden, of Nelson, crossed the line in advance of the other competitors, and W. Taylor, of Birmingham, won the half-mile scratch bicycle race. The half-mile handicap on wheels was taken by another Birmingham of the same surname, A. E. Taylor.

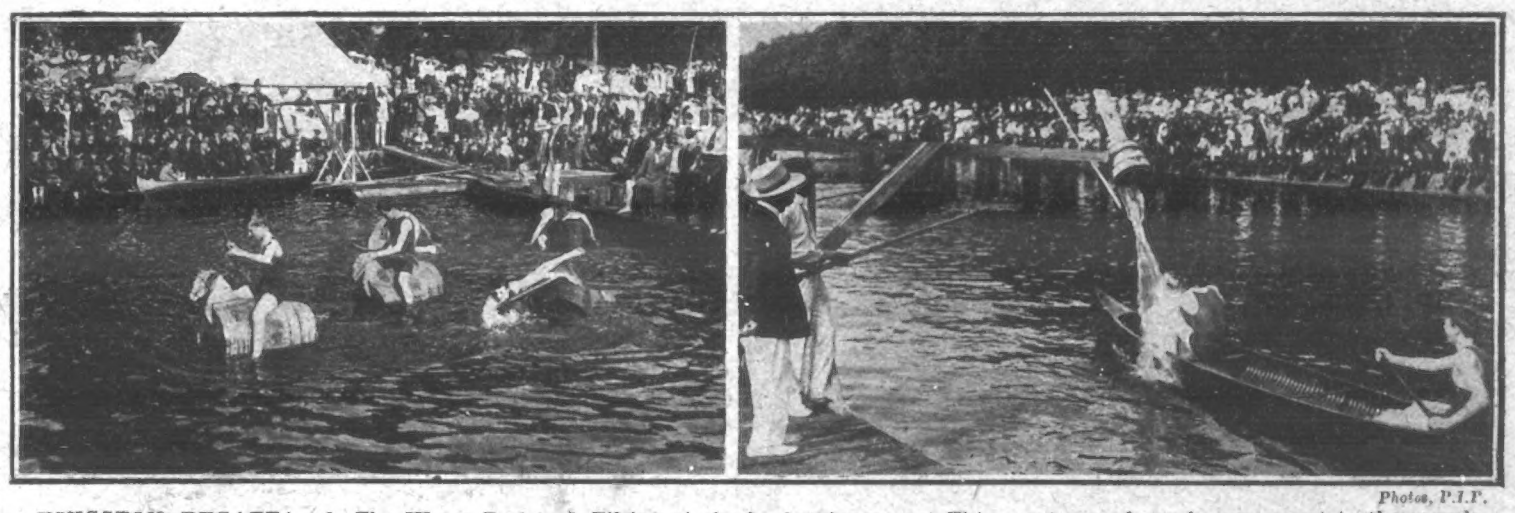
The flying Worcester cyclist, A. E. Payne, scored a double win at the Grangetown A.C. sports, winning the half-mile handicap from scratch, and also the quarter of a mile level race. At the same meeting, G. Butterfield, the crack Darlington runner, and a former champion, won the Northern Counties' Championship at a quarter of a mile.

Snapshots of Sports and Pastimes.



Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

BRIGADE OF GUARDS' ATHLETIC SPORTS AT BURTON COURT: Under the patronage of Lieutenant-General Sir L. J. Oliphant, commanding the London District, the Brigade of Guards have just held their athletic sports at Burton Court, Chelsea. On the left is a photograph of the obstacle race, won by Private Smith, of the 2nd Grenadiers; in the centre, General Sir L. J. Oliphant giving a cup to Private G. Willis, 2nd Grenadiers, who won the half-mile, mile, and two-mile races; and on the right a photo of the Royal party, including Prince and Princess Christian watching the sports.



Photos, P.I.P.

KINGSTON REGATTA: 1. The Water Derby. 2. Tilting at the bucket in canoes. This sport caused much amusement to the crowds on the banks.

Photo, P.I.P.

KINGSTON REGATTA—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE: The Regatta last week was held in perfect weather with a record attendances and many interesting and well-contested events.

Photos, P.I.P.

SOCIETY'S NEW PET: A unique series of snapshots of Miss Vera le Fleming, taken at a recent fête. This clever little lady has performed several times before Royalty, and is a great favourite in Society.

The Revival of Pageantry.

Large crowds attended a three-days' historic festival inaugurated at Ripon last week to commemorate the passing of the second decade since the celebration of the thousandth year of its incorporation by King Alfred.

Sir Christopher Furness, M.P. for Hartlepool, placed Elmcrofts Park at the disposal of the festival committee, of which he is the president. Ripon was gaily decorated with bunting and flowers, and the Mayor welcomed, at the Town Hall, the Lord Mayors of York and Manchester, and the Mayors of a dozen Yorkshire and Lancashire boroughs, who headed the civic procession to the cathedral, led by the city band. There was a large congregation at the commemoration service, at which Dean Fremantle preached on the expansion of civic life. The pageantry and revels that followed included the acting of "Dick Turpin's Ride to York," morris and maypole dancing, the masque of the flower queen, and a charming performance of Edward German's opera, "Merrie England," upon the great stage in the centre of the park. The evening was devoted to songs and music in the Old English street, which was illuminated to represent the old Ranelagh Gardens, the pageant being re-enacted with a torchlight procession, followed by dancing, and all the fun of an Old English fair.

Great Central Railway Development.

The photos shown on page 61 of this number are those of the gentlemen responsible for the remarkable progress made of late years by the Great Central Railway, which has not only added greatly to its traffic in and out of London, but by its new route from Marylebone to the North has opened up a new district through Buckinghamshire likely to develop into one of the most picturesque residential neighbourhoods. The latest development of Great Central progress was, last week, the cutting of the first sod by Lady Henderson of a new deep sea docks' scheme at Immingham, near the mouth of the Humber, an undertaking of national importance for commerce and as a naval base.

Appointing a Royal Commission.

Since it came into office the present Government has appointed quite a number of Royal Commissions and other inquiries. How is a Royal Commission conducted? We learn much concerning it from an article in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*. The man in the street can hardly be expected to know, since such inquiries are private. But it has been possible to obtain a peep behind the scenes, to observe the machinery at work. And very complicated machinery it is, requiring unremitting and careful attention. First, as to the appointment of the members of a Royal Commission. It is given to the Minister in whose department the matter to be inquired into arises to suggest the names of the gentlemen who should act as commissioners. These names are brought before the Prime Minister, and if they are approved by him he submits them to the King. When his Majesty's sanction has been obtained, the commissioners set to work. They hold a meeting and first discuss their arrangements for taking evidence, and draw up a list of persons who shall be required to appear before them, and then the hard work begins.

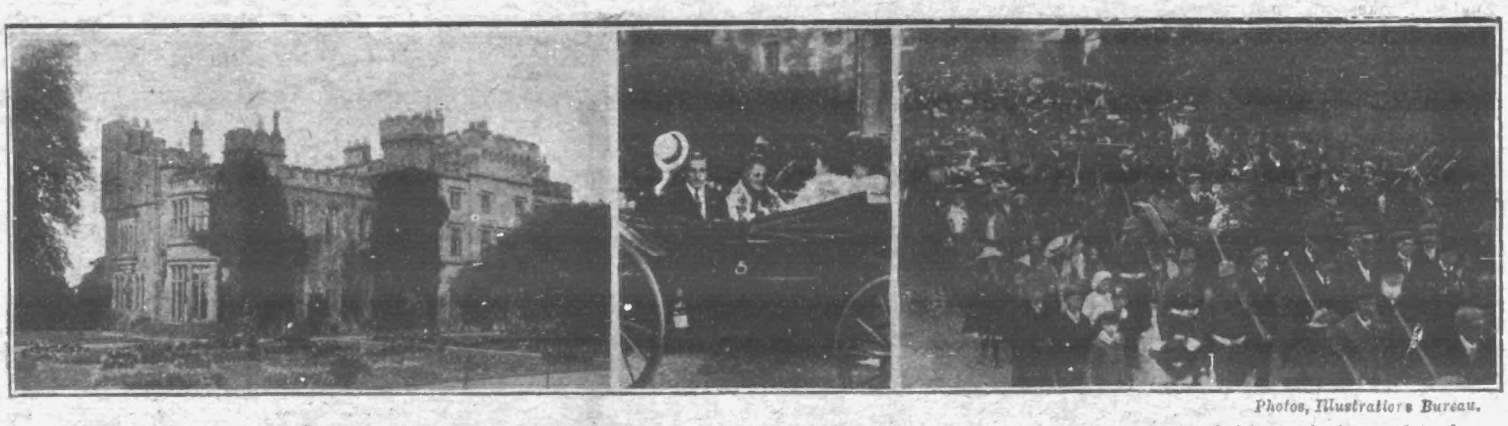
The cost of the whole machinery of a Royal Commission may be anything up to £10,000 or £20,000. Remember that a Commission sometimes travels thousands of miles. For instance, a Commission that goes to South Africa to collect evidence must necessarily incur heavy expenses; and when the cost runs on from year to year—not infrequently a Royal Commission lasts five years—the large total is easily explained. As a rule, the commissioners themselves are not paid for their services. They are allowed their expenses, but occasionally experts, who act as commissioners, are remunerated.

Fleet of Flying Machines.

What is claimed to be the largest fleet of flying machines made by one man will be ready for trial in the course of a week or two.

The fleet consists of five full-sized machines, all of an original type. They have been constructed from models designed by Mr. Edgar Wilson, of Pimlico.

A PAGE OF FESTIVITIES.



Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

COMING-OF-AGE CELEBRATIONS AT HAWARDEN: Last week Mr. Glynne Charles Gladstone attained his majority and took possession of the Hawarden Estates. Our photos show—1. Hawarden, the famous residence of the late W. E. Gladstone. 2. The arrival of the young heir at the Castle. 3. The procession through the town.

Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

THE RIPON PAGEANT: 1. A friendly chat between the acts. 2. "Merrie England," behind the scenes. 3. An incongruous street scene.

Photo, Nichols.

LIVING WHIST AT STAMFORD: At a fete in aid of the local infirmary, the games of living whist were the greatest attraction. Under the direction of Mrs. J. E. Smedley and Miss Scotney frequent rehearsals had been held, and the result was a contest full of picturesque colour and grouping. The game being played accurately upon the large smooth lawn, provided for the players.

Photo, Nichols.

LIVING WHIST AT STAMFORD: A fete was held at Stamford last week to raise funds for the local infirmary. The result was a huge attendance, and a financial outcome that satisfied the most sanguine expectation.

The American Woman.

Although no other American woman has played so great and conspicuous a part in modern English life as did the late Lady Curzon, the American woman has been for years an important factor in the social, artistic, and political life of this country.

Three of the small select number of English Dukes are married to American wives. The Duchess of Marlborough was Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt; the Duchess of Manchester was Miss Helena Zimmerman; and the Duchess of Roxburghe was Miss May Goelet. In addition (says a writer in the *Daily Express*), Lily Duchess of Marlborough, who afterwards married Lord William Beresford, was the daughter of Commodore Price, of Troy, N.Y., and Consuelo Duchess of Manchester is a native of Louisiana.

The widow of the fourth Marquis of Anglesey, who now resides in Paris, is an American lady, as is the present Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. The Earl of Yarmouth, the eldest son of the Marquis of Hertford, married Miss Alice Thaw, of Pittsburg, three years ago, and Lord Arthur Butler, heir presumptive of the Marquis of Ormonde, has an American wife, and there are six American Countesses in the peerage.

The most conspicuous American lady in the world of politics is, of course, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, who before her marriage in 1888 was Miss Mary Endicott, of Washington. Sir William Harcourt married an American lady, the daughter of Motley, the historian, and his son, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, followed his father's example.

Major-General Lord Cheylesmore, Mayor of Westminster, Sir William Carrington, the brother of Lord Carrington and Controller of the Prince of Wales's Household, and Sir William Martin Conway, the famous traveller, have American wives.

Three American authoresses have become practically English by domicile—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the creator of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Miss Gertrude Atherton, author of "The Aristocrats," and a native of San Francisco, and Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), a woman of outstanding culture who is quite appropriately a native of the learned city of Boston.

Three well-known English novelists, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. Anthony Hope, and Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, have American wives. Mrs. Anthony Hope is a sister of Miss Suzanne Sheldon, who herself has an English husband, Mr. Henry Ainley, one of the most interesting of the younger members of the theatrical profession. Mrs. Oscar Beringer, a busy London journalist, novelist, and playwright, and the mother of Miss Esmé Beringer and Miss Vera Beringer, both well-known actresses, was born in Philadelphia.

Many American actresses have settled permanently in England, among them Miss Genevieve Ward, Miss Gertrude Elliott, the wife of Mr. Forbes Robertson, Miss Mary Anderson, and Mrs. Brown Potter.

Among ladies conspicuous in London society are Mrs. Mackay, whose entertainments at Carlton House Terrace are well-known, and who is the widow of John W. Mackay, the Bonanza King, Mrs. Arthur Paget, who was recently the victim of a serious accident, Mrs. Bradley Martin, and Mrs. Ronalds, famous for her musical tastes. Mrs. Ronalds' daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, wrote the "book" of "L'Amour," the ballet now being performed at the Alhambra Theatre.

Mr. Burns Optimistic.

Mr. John Burns, who unfurled a new banner for the Battersea Labour League in Battersea Park, on Sunday, gave an optimistic review of municipal progress during the eighteen years which had passed since he unfurled the first banner of the league.

His most sanguine expectations had been almost realised, he said, many of his aims secured, and his ideals were in process of realisation.

Municipal electric over-bridge trams, direct municipal employment, increased open spaces were some of the benefits, the importance of which could not be measured by a slightly higher rate, but by its effect on the children in the future.

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. Lockyer's large bottles everywhere.—[Advt.]

Newspaper Headlines Misinterpreted.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK PICTURED BY OUR IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

FINE weather, such as we have been enjoying lately, invariably means an access of bargains in the shape of light and summery garments. Muslins and zephyrs seem to become cheaper and daintier every year, but I think it would be hard to conceive anything more easily within the reach of the most limited purse than some charming little frocks for young girls' wear, which I saw the other day at a well-known firm, priced at 6s. 11d. and 8s. 11d., consisting of a pretty skirt and material for bodice in all varieties of the fashionable check colouring. One, that was exemplified in green and white, struck me as particularly desirable.

A Summer Dress for 6s. 11d.

BABY hats and river hats can be purchased now for a couple of shillings upwards. With the holiday exodus looming before us, a frilled muslin hat should prove an excellent investment. Sea air and a strong sun are ruinous to good coloured millinery, and it is an economy to indulge in specially suitable headgear, which cannot fade or otherwise lose its beauty under trying conditions. Washing frocks and blouses should constitute the principal outfit for a visit to the country or seaside, as even a faded cotton may still contrive to look chic and dainty, while a faded dress of some silk or woollen or cloth fabric has lost its pretensions to smartness at once. For useful wear, on dull or gloomy days, a tweed skirt is the best safeguard. A tweed is alike impervious to dust and shower, more particularly if a beige or grey be chosen.

River Hats.

THOSE who can afford to lock up money in furs should make an opportunity of purchasing ere long, and before the present low summer prices have risen in view of the coming autumn season. It is astonishing how rapidly the summer slips by; and it is always a cheap and easy season to dress for; therefore it behoves us not to spend too much on flimsy finery, but to keep a margin in hand for a time of year which demands more solid and substantial garments, and expenditure in proportion. To choose between another light frock to see out the summer and a set of furs, however modest, should not be a hard task, since it is certain that the latter will in the end give twice the amount of real pleasure and satisfaction. Looking at it only from one point of view, the furs may be donned many more times than a muslin dress ever can be, even under the most favourable conditions.

Furs at Summer Prices.

ONE of the prettiest petticoats I have seen for a long time is made of white cambric, with a light blue spot, and is fashioned very full, with two rather deep flounces at the foot, which are scalloped out at the edges and buttonholed over. The price is 5s. 11d., and, for a sum of 8s. 6d., a dainty dressing jacket may be obtained to match. The object of having the two to match is for the woman who likes to breakfast in a matinée; and though there are people who might object to this habit, I can see nothing against it, provided the hair is neatly and becomingly arranged, the hands clean and well manicured, and other items of the toilet already attended to. Every woman possessed of a young baby, who has to be both nurse and mother to it, knows how difficult it is to keep trim and tidy, since it is well known that a baby is ruinous to clothes. This little matinée, with a wide frilled turn-down collar, wide loose sleeves, finished off with a frill, is just the thing for such mothers to don until after breakfast, when baby must be washed and dressed before mother can slip into her own gown. This plan is a real saving to clothes, besides meaning greater ease and comfort.

A Dainty Petticoat.

CHINTZES and cretonnes have been more than ever popular for the last two or three seasons. I wonder if any of my readers have ever tried the effect of muslin over chintz for cushion covers, for I can assure them the effect is delightfully pretty, more especially in the case of very large bright patterns. In fact, wherever chintz is concerned I am inclined to recommend large wishy-washy or chinè looking patterns to small precise ones, picked out in detail.

Muslin to Cover Chintz.

IT seems quite possible to purchase every dainty accessory to the toilet nowadays to assist in renovating elderly garments or to economise labour in fashioning new ones. A half sleeve in tucked net trimmed drawn lace should prove useful in lengthening the elbow sleeves of summer blouses and converting them for autumnal wear. The pair of half sleeves are priced at 2s. 11½d., and can be had in either ecru or ivory shades, while an equally useful net yoke in Paris shade, trimmed with guipure motifs, and suitable for filling in an evening blouse, is mounted on chiffon at the moderate sum of 7s. 6d.

A Lace Yoke and Sleeves.

WOULD you have your girls and boys possess plump calves, let them skip. Would you have an inexpensive remedy for torpidity of liver, and its consequences, the skipping rope provides it. Excellent skipping rope! aiding the circulation, warming when cold, and removing stiffness from joints cramped by long sitting. But in your wisdom be moderate. Fatal results have followed a child's attempt to make a record score.

The Skipping Rope.

EVERY mother would do wisely to prevent any chance of her child being lost by sewing a label with its name and address on the inside of its dress or jacket. It should be put somewhere where the little one is not likely to fidget it off, but the mother should point it out, saying, "This tells whose little boy (or girl) you are, and, if ever you can't find your way home, show it to a policeman and he will bring you back to mother."

Label Your Children.

Children when they lose their way are apt to get bewildered and to forget where they live, or perhaps they only know the name of the street, and have no idea as to its exact locality. That is specially the case in London, where children often get lost in following a band, soldiers, or some other thing which they see in the streets and which takes their fancy.

The finding of a lost child recently caused me to pay a Sunday afternoon visit to a London police-station, and I had a chat with a superintendent on the subject of lost children. He thought that the labelling plan would be an immense saving of trouble both to children and to the police, especially on Bank holidays. "Not that there are not plenty of children lost at other times," he said. "Why, this little girl you have brought makes the sixth lost child we have had here this afternoon, and that is not at all an unusual number."

By the by, another hint to mothers is to teach their little ones that the policeman is not an awful sort of bogey but a friend who will help them when they want help. The bogey idea, instilled by some foolish parents and nurses, may go a long way to prevent lost children coming into the hands of those who are really their best friends, and thus may prolong the time of suspense and anxiety between the loss of the child and its return home.

Photo, Bowne & Sheppeard.

THE LATE LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON: Although Lady Curzon had been in serious ill-health for some time, her death last week, at No. 1 Carlton House-terrace, from heart failure came as a great shock. Lady Curzon was born in 1865, the daughter of Mr. L. Z. Leiter, the Chicago millionaire.

ONE of the chief causes of suffering in the world is the difficulty of proposing for marriage.

How Some Men Propose.

An unconfessed grievance that every married woman has against her husband is the way he proposed to her. She was probably glad enough to get him on any terms, but there is a difference between having the thing you want tendered you on a silver salver and having it thrown at you.

Women crowd the theatre to see the counterfeit of the romance they missed, yet how poorly even an actor generally does it!

It is only once in a blue moon that you find a stage hero of the old stock company type who clutches the heroine to him in a way that loosens her back hair and makes every woman in the audience sit up with a gasp.

Off the stage each man has his own individual system of love-making, and reaches the critical point of proposing by his own route.

One of the most popular is by way of the confessional. When a man begins to get sentimental he yearns to tell a girl all about his past life. He confesses his own sins to her, and those of his friends.

Then he tells her that she is the only person who ever really understood his intense nature, and that he only needs her angel influence to enable him to lead the higher life.

The really bashful man who has made a study of the subject always proposes suddenly, and when you least expect it. He doesn't waste a word in preliminary compliments, because he has screwed his courage up to the sticking point, and he dare not let a turn of it go.

There is a silence, and then he catches his breath and takes the plunge, as if he were jumping into a sea of ice and didn't know and didn't care whether he ever came up again or not.

A disappointing lover, but an eminently satisfactory husband, is the business type. You have been good friends, and he has confided to you that he is getting on in the grocery trade, and last month's sales were double those of the month before.

Then one Sunday afternoon he steers you round to some new flats or cottages, and, after pointing out that the plumbing is exposed and so forth, he says: "I say, Mary, how would you like to live here and be my little housekeeper?' And if you have any sense you say "Yes."

That night you may shed a few tears in the silence of your own room over the beauty of the romance you have missed, but you will never have to weep over bills you can't pay.

I DARESAY you don't, and that you are unable to do so either because of the expense entailed, or because there is no gymnasium in your neighbourhood. You lament the fact, for physical exercises are so good for the health and the figure.

Do You Attend a Gymnasium?

Don't spend too much time in lamenting, for the best exercise in the world may still be had by you. It is walking, or, if you like to enjoy it in the open air, dancing.

Dancing is a magnificent exercise: the only thing against it is that it is more suited to the young than the old, and that with it are almost always associated the disadvantages of hot, badly ventilated rooms and late hours.

Walking is, however, suited to people of all ages, and it is enjoyed in the open air. It is an exercise which brings a larger number of muscles into play than any other, and develops and keeps them in good condition. For that reason, perhaps, the most popular game of golf has so many votaries. The game itself is interesting, and the hours of exercise in the open air are most invigorating ant delightful.

Everyone knows how to walk properly, and the reason why people walk badly is simply carelessness. To walk well means enjoyment and health. Carry the body erect, with the chest well out and the head back, and let the arms fall naturally to the sides. The pace and the distance should depend on the strength and endurance of the pedestrian, who should walk far enough and fast enough to get the body into a comfortable glow.

To benefit as much as possible from a walk, one should walk for pleasure. During that time, at any rate, one should leave one's worries at home and give oneself a time of real recreation, combining with the walk, if possible, the pursuit of some pet hobby, or the execution of an interesting errand.

GOING away to boarding-school often does much good to a girl. There comes a period in the lives of the members of both sexes when some exterior influence is of great utility, if not a necessity. Girls (for we will deal only with them in this article) at this period scarcely comprehend their proper position in life, and require to be reduced to their proper proportions, as scientific men would say.

Going away to School.

Home influence must not be discounted, yet that influence is not sufficient with many girls. They themselves discount the value of home, or fail to recognise the full value of it unconsciously. It may be, moreover, that the home discipline is not strict enough; the parents yield to whims, forgetting that one must sometimes be cruel in order to be kind! We have this fact on good authority; it is a truth aptly expressed in a paradox. In the end, the girl becomes wilful, difficult to please, dissatisfied.

In the course of a wide experience of girls, the writer has seen many instances of the good done by going away to school. In one case the girl could not eat unless the very best of everything was placed before her. The fond parents, fearing that she might be going into a decline, gave these tit-bits to her; they were also careful to keep her free from much school or other work and from fatigue of all kinds, while her sisters were very active in the house and elsewhere. If this had continued, the girl would most probably have gone into a decline, for without question she had herself come to believe that she was very delicate. A keen eyed friend persuaded the parents that they really ought to send the girl to a good boarding-school to finish her education, and this advice was acted on. The girl had to submit to restraint and do as others did; as she received no special tit-bits, her appetite grew more robust after two or three days, and, in the words of the friend, that school was the making of her.

Going away to school in all cases has the effect of making the girls appreciate the home. They are also taught how to obey a most necessary acquirement for everyone, but one which is not always inculcated to the proper extent at home. There is a good deal of wholesome levelling-up at a boarding-school—we are not referring to the public schools, of which we have heard many disagreeable things lately, but to girls' boarding-schools. There is nothing better for all of us than to know who and where we are!

Photo, Cosway Gallery.

A BALLOONING PRINCESS: Princess Teano, who was one of the ladies who took part in a balloon race from Ranelagh recently.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

The crowning triumph of the Austrian Exhibition, at Earl's Court, was attained last week when, in glorious summer weather, Her Majesty Queen Alexandra came with a large and distinguished party. With the Queen were the Duchess of Portland, the Countess de Grey, and the Hon. Charlotte Knollys; also H.R.H. the Duke of Sparta, and the Marquis de Soveral, Portuguese Minister. Her Majesty was received at the Warwick Road entrance by the Austrian Ambassador, Count Albert Mensdorff, H.S.H. Prince Schonburg, and the Imperial Councillor Herr Adolf Schwarz, and escorted throughout the exhibition, making numerous purchases and expressing her delight in vivacious tones at the exhibits. Mr. P. Cremieu-Javal, J.P., Chairman of the London Exhibitions, Ltd., and Mr. Harold Hartley, one of the Managing Directors, were presented to the Queen, and, after signing the visitors' book, the Royal cortège inspected the excellent collection of exhibits in the Queen's Palace. In the "Tyrol Village" the singing and dancing of the Tyrolese men and women gave much amusement and merriment. After passing through the Art Galleries and "Picturesque Austria," luncheon was partaken of in the Vienna Restaurant of Messrs. Lurion and Spitzer.

At the New Theatre, St. Martin's Lane, rehearsals are progressing very satisfactorily for the production in August of the new Egyptian light opera by Mr. Frederick Fenn and Mr. Philip Michael Faraday, with which Mr. Louis Calvert is inaugurating his appearance among the London Managers. The action of the play, which possesses a strong dramatic interest, takes place at Memphis, and Miss Ruth Vincent has a sympathetic part as an Egyptian princess, and Mr. Rutland Barrington has been engaged for the part of Pharaoh. The dances are being arranged by Mr. John D'Auban, and the scenery is being painted by Mr. Clement Barnes, whose admirable painting of the scenes in "The Shulamite" at the Savoy attracted so much attention.

Despite the attractions of the sea, the river, and the tennis court, to say nothing of the Austrian Tyrol at Kensington, "The Beauty of Bath" is drawing wonderful houses to the Aldwych, and Mr. Seymour Hicks is confidently talking of opening his new theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue with it at Christmas. So that musical comedy of the Gibson Girl type is not so dead as some of us imagine (says a writer in *M.A.P.*); though it is significant that Mr. Hicks is at work on a new piece, which promises to be of a legitimate and coherent pattern. This will be produced at the Aldwych when "The Beauty of Bath" goes westward, and—"But yet I run before my horse to market." The "Beauty," in the person now of Miss Zena Dare, "still lives and reigns" at the Aldwych, and is living and reigning under conditions so happy that Miss Ellaline Terriss, the original Lady Betty, may enjoy her well-deserved holiday free from all anxiety as to the effect of the temporary change. This is by no means the first time that Miss Zena Dare has sucessfully impersonated Miss Ellaline Terriss.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

ACTRESS AS ENGINE DRIVER: Miss Nancy Price driving a G.N.R. model engine and goods train in the garden of Sir John Houlder, at Birmingham.

Miss Zena Dare has her recollections of "early struggles" like a regular grown-up actress, only with the difference that she does not have to strain her eyes to look back upon them. Her first experience of the stage was full of bitterness and disappointment. She was engaged to understudy her younger sister Phyllis, who was playing one of the Babes in the Coronet production of "The Babes in the Wood," but Phyllis declined most positively to contract measles, and the management, to soothe the feelings of the elder girl, promised to allow her to take the part of the principal sparrow before the close of the panto-mime season—probably counting upon temporary indisposition on the part of the ornithological expert already on that coveted perch. But the bird proved as obstinately healthy as the Babe, and Miss Zena Dare, after giving days and nights of hard study to the two parts, was left, at the end of the run, to make the best of the humiliating fact that her engagement at the Coronet had throughout been of the emergency order.

In the year following that season of misery and suspense, Miss Zena Dare procured an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, as a solo dancer in the pantomime there. That was her first appearance on the stage before a real audience, her audiences at the Coronet having been composed merely of the stage manager, the orchestra, her fellow-artists, and certain "hands" that are in the habit more of hammering than applauding. From this dancing part she walked into the title *rôle* of Mr. Seymour Hicks' piece, "The English Daisy," then on tour: while the next season of the Beauty of "The Beauty of Bath" was to Glasgow at Christmas to play the Beauty of "The Beauty and the Beast." At the conclusion of the pantomime season, Miss Zena Dare did what countless other little girls are in the habit of doing—she went to school. She made considerable progress here (in Brussels) as a Tomboy, and her departure at the end of a year or two for England was celebrated by her schoolmates by a feast of tears. Miss Dare recommenced her theatrical career in Liverpool, and in the part of Cinderella in the pantomime concerned, more or less, with that young lady's adventures; and after, in London, she danced and sang and made merry in "Sergeant Brue" at the Strand, she took up Cinderella again in the form of Angela, the heroine of "The Catch of the Season" at the Vaudeville, in the absence of the clever and popular lady she is now playing for at the Aldwych—Miss Ellaline Terriss. Which, on the whole, is not an idle record for a young lady whose twenty-first birthday awaits celebration.

A new element is creeping into our music hall sketches. They take their audiences a little more seriously, and the audiences appreciate the compliment. People come to "attention" when the lights go down, and the artists can count on a patient hearing—a far more patient hearing than the curtain-raiser gets in the theatre. There a good line is lost in the click-clack of the incoming stalls. At the variety theatre the sketch gets the "star" turn, and every one is seated and ready for the story.

Mr. Harry Fragson tells me he was very nervous on making his first appearance at the Tivoli (says a writer in the *Daily Express*), for some of his songs were novel in character. But the Tivoli, with its audience well round the singer, is just the small drawing-room house suited to an entertainer at the piano, and none of Mr. Fragson's little effects are lost.

"It is not quite the same thing over here, going from a theatre to a music-hall, that it is in Paris. Over there an artist passes from the theatre to the vaudeville house without any misgiving. Barral went to Olympia direct from the Comédie Française! Gallois passed without a moment's hesitation from Olympia to the Théâtre des Variétés. Here, of course, you would feel a little shock if you saw Mr. George Alexander go from Pinero to the Palace, but we view things differently in Paris."

The practice, of course, is growing here. Mr. Willie Edouin contemplates the halls. Mr. Chevalier turns with ease from "Pantaloon" to "The Fallen Star." Indeed, he may be said to belong as much to the variety house as to the legitimate theatre. In August, Mr. George Grossmith, jun., hopes to be able to appear at the Palace.

Mr. Fragson is evidently a great favourite with the King. His Majesty, when Prince of Wales, heard him sing many times at the Paris "Figaro" office. The conductors of the big French journal give tea parties at the offices, and to several of these parties King Edward went. King Leopold was a constant visitor. On Mr. Fragson's arrival in London the King sent him a photograph, which I have just seen. It bears a suitable inscription in the King's handwriting, and, of course, Mr. Fragson is inordinately proud of the gift. The signature Edward VII. shows the "seven" put down as an ordinary numeral, with a little stroke across it, making it look like a capital "F."

Photo, Thic'e.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: A charming photographic study of Miss Gladys Archbutt.

Photo, Foulsham and Banfield.

MISS GABRIELLE RAY in "See-Saw," at the Prince of Wales Theatre.

Photo, Foulsham & Banfield.

THE LATE MISS GAYNOR ROWLANDS: The young Gaiety favourite, whose sad death occurred in London last week.

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P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

Average Crops.

Why do so many farmers have such poor average crops? Is it owing to bad farming? We will take a railway journey, as I did last week, through England from east to south and notice the growing crops. To the untutored eye all looks fresh and green and lovely. To the eye that can spy out the shortcomings, what is there to read? Often there is thin patchiness most observable on what would appear to be well-tilled arable lands. We know that seed corn sometimes gets washed out by the rain, and that it does not all germinate. We do not forget the rooks, which sometimes play havoc with it, nor the wireworms and the leather-coated grubs that destroy so much of that which does germinate. Is there no bad farming visible in connection with these? Certainly there is. The farmer is to blame for the wireworm and the grub of the cranefly being there. He could get rid of them. It is bad farming wherever they abound. He knows when making the seed-bed if they are present. He knows whether the turf which he ploughed in is or is not full of them, and whether by the time his oats are making their first broad leaf the pests will be feeding ravenously on the young plant. We call the visible signs of these things bad farming. It is still more painfully worse, because compulsory under his current lease, if the farmer blames the land. He says that it is not drained; that it is too wet or too poor. Yet he sows it with corn, lays it for grass and clover, drills it for swedes, and then sows corn again—turn in, turn out. Poor land can be improved by good tillage up to, say, a crop of twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre—that is to say, half a crop. The test case for such land, if the owner were farming it, would end in the first four years' course. He would either take it specially in hand for improvement or he would lay it down to permanent, if poor, pasture. Why may not tenant farmers be allowed to do this, having when making the improvement a present claim on the landlord for the extra cost, instead of having to wait until they quit to secure compensation by valuation? We hear a continual claim that home farmers should grow more corn than they do. Yes; they might grow more corn per acre, that is certain.

Flower Beds.

Humps, mounds of soil a foot or fifteen inches high in the middle, some of them. Especially is this noticeable in front gardens in towns. Some people like to see a nice round and high crown in the centre; it looks so neat, you see! And when they have rewatered and replanted that same hump of soil year after year, and have obtained always the same poor results, they still go on loving and cherishing that hump. If any reader owns a hump like this, will he or she be so experimental as to go and pour a pail of water gently upon the crown of it, and presently try to find where that water has gone to. He will find that it has all found its level at the bottom in the trench around the hump. Just under the the crown it will not have penetrated an inch deep. What depth in the soil are the roots of the bedding plants—six or nine inches? Q.E.D.! Now, if there must be a hump, and if the plants that are to grow upon it must have water, sink a short drain pipe in the crown of the bed, or plunge a flower-pot and fill it with cinders. Water can then be got down to the roots. But, better still, take away a lot of the soil and make the bed nearly flat. A walk around the beds in any good garden or park will not discover humps.

There is another unsightly and ill-considered feature in the management of many flower-beds. One notices it mostly in spring and at bedding-out time. That is the fine show of horse dung lying upon the bare bed. Horse dung is about the worst of all the manures for this purpose. It contains coarse fibres and more husk than does that of any other animal. Consequently it takes a longer time to decompose. When it does that it affords very little plant food. Sheep's dung or that of rabbits would be much more valuable. Poultry dung is probably the best of all. Two or three pence spent at the seed warehouse over Kanite or guano—1lb. or so—will be the best outlay at the present time.

Night Dogs.

We in the country rely a good deal on the dog who is chained outside for a warning when there are night prowlers. Occasionally during day time country people will move their dog's kennel to within chain's length of the yard gate or the back door, especially on a road where the tramping casuals frequent. Such houses are soon marked. A stone placed on the gatepost says "*Cave canem*" as plainly to the next casual who comes along as if he could read Latin. Whether the night prowler has a sign-lingo is rather doubtful. But sometimes he has a checkmate for the dog. One of his most artful dodges is to get to windward of the dog, first having smeared his hands with a certain oil that dogs love the smell of, and then to approach the dog in that odour. No dog can withstand it. He may be downright savage and even frenzied when on the chain, but that will tame him, and the poisoned bait or the old coat soaked in chloroform will subdue him to a long quietude. Yes, I will guarantee to approach any house where there is only a kennelled dog chained up without the inmates knowing. For downright safety the dog should be shut up in an outbuilding, where he can hear approaching steps or unusual sounds. He should be well fed in the forenoon and allowed to sleep. Early in the evening he should be given a run, and afterwards be shut up for the night. Should his feed be given late in the day he will sleep at night. The retriever, the collie—rough or smooth—and the Airedale are all good night dogs. The old Smithfield or bobtail is a very watchful dog. Town-bred dogs are of very little use for country houses. For indoors, when a dog has been taught to be clean and to lie on the mat or rug kept for him, a smaller dog is best. The Dandie Dinmont, the Scotch and Irish terriers, the rough and smooth fox terriers, and the little Schipperke, are all lively and wakeful night dogs for indoors, providing that they are properly fed and are not petted too much. Choosing amongst all the above named for a house dog for outdoors at day and in the house at night, I would first name the collie and the bobtail. Either if brought up properly can pull a man down—that is, if not chained, o' course.

Photo, Underwood.

Girls' Seven Miles Swim in the Seine: Thousands of people lined the quays of Paris for the great swimming race, in which Miss Kellermann, the Australian, beat Miss Frauendorfer, an Austrian, and Miss Hersheimer, a young English art student. Our photograph shows Miss Kellermann (on right) and Miss Hersheimer.

Photos, Montague Dixon.

FENCING AT HURLINGHAM: 1. Miss Durand, the winner. 2. Miss Ashton, who was sixth. 3. Miss Johnson, who won fifth prize.

Photo, Muncaster.

TIRED, BUT HEALTHY AND HAPPY: A party of poor children from Oldham assembling for the return journey after a happy day spent in the country.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

In referring last week to the millions of pounds amassed by the late Mr. Alfred Beit during his lifetime, I said that the present era might well go down to history as "the age of rich men." Never before have so many private fortunes being amassed by men, most of whom have started life with scarcely any capital at all.

This week has seen the publication of the will of the late Sir Charles Tennant, a great English merchant, who has left behind him no less a sum than three million pounds, whilst Mr. Russell Sage, the miserly millionaire of New York, has died worth between twenty and thirty million pounds!

Mr. Sage was a most eccentric character, very shrewd, very industrious, and very frugal in his style of living. He took a pride in the fact that his clothes cost less than those of his own clerks. He had three suits a year, each costing £2 8s., but he looked neatly dressed owing to his personal care for them. He brushed his clothes himself, carefully removing grease-stains, and polished his own shoes. He went every day to lunch at the offices of the Western Union, of which he was a director, because the company provided lunch free for its staff. His one luxury was horses, but he boasted that he made money out of them.

Some of his characteristic sayings may be quoted:

"Any fool can earn a dollar, but it takes a wise man to save it. I saved the first dollar I ever earned."

"The holiday habit is business gone astray."

"The tender care of a good wife is life's finest reward."

"There is no such thing as the curse of money. A good man cannot have too much money."

"A good judge of a horse is a good judge of man."

I have found some very shrewd and some very helpful advice in a little book just published, "The Business Blue-Book" (Curtis, Gardner, and Co., Cannon Street, E.C.). The writer says that to succeed in business you should make a hobby of it, and make it a firm rule to put everything else aside to attend to it. Don't be an "amateur." Only by close and undivided attention during early business life do men succeed. Nature itself supplies a type of the half-hearted business man. Did you ever see a weasel pursuing a rabbit? The latter is far the swifter animal and could easily escape if it would run right away. But instead of this it makes a dash a-head of a hundred feet or so, then it turns round, looks at its pursuer, and squeaks with terror, again it runs away, each time for a shorter distance before it stops to squeak. The end is inevitable. The weasel simply means to get that rabbit if it runs to the other end of the earth—and of course it does so. Trader, don't sit down and squeak about competition and the badness of trade, but just stick to your business and your business will, in time, stick to you.

I am much obliged to those readers who have written to me this week telling me how much they appreciate the paper. Many readers, I find, buy an extra copy each week to send to a friend or relation in the colonies. It is an excellent idea. Other readers please copy!

VALENTIA SIEER.

Photo, Nops.

Dr. William H. Perkin, F.R.S., upon whom the King has just conferred a knighthood. He was the discoverer of the famous mauve dye.

Told in the Market Place.

Do you know a good story? If so, don't keep it to yourself. Everybody likes to hear a good yarn, and to enjoy a good laugh.

In future I hope to run a column of good stories every week in the pages of P.I.P., *and I want to have these contributed by the readers of the paper.*

It will interest you to read your own pet stories in print, and it will amuse other people to read them.

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Without Winding.

A sharp agent for a firm of clock-makers called on a German, recently settled in England, and wanted to sell him an eight-day clock. "My dear sir," said the traveler, "this is a remarkable clock. It is not only beautiful, but is most useful. Why this clock will run eight days without winding." The fat German opened his eyes. "Eight days vidout vinding!" he exclaimed. "Vay, dat is a great glock." The commercial's eyes sparkled at this. "But, tell me," continued the German, "if he vill go on to run eight days vidout vinding, how long vill he run if you do vind him up?"

That Useful Pup.

A certain curate had been invited to come down to a country vicar's church and preach, which he did, but the discourse only lasted five minutes. In the vestry after the sermon the curate began to apologise, "I am sorry my sermon was so short," he said, "but the fact is that our fox terrier got into my study just before I left home and ate several pages of my manuscript." The vicar said nothing, but one of the wardens innocently filled in the break with: "I suppose you couldn't let our vicar have a pup, could you?"

"Fitzwilliam."

Here is a clothes story concerning Mr. Charles Brookfield. He strolled one day into a strange hosiers to order some new collars, and for the life of him he could not get the assistant to show him the right sort. A well-known name for a certain variety of collar is the "Fitzwilliam," and it was this collar that the assistant, having exhibited every other kind in stock, and turned the shop into a higgledy-piggledy plantation of white linen rings, looked upon as his last and only hope. Brookfield took one in his hand and, having examined it critically from many points of the compass, put it slowly back on the counter with a melancholy shake of the head. "Fitzwilliam," said the assistant in a tone which argued the excellence of the article as well as the probability of his customer not being able to get a more suitable thing elsewhere. "Very likely it does," answered Brookfield, picking up his umbrella and moving towards the door, "but perhaps my neck is not the same size as Bill's!"

Photo, Halftones.

Swimming the Channel: Jabez Wolffe, the Glasgow amateur, who failed to emulate Captain Webb's feat last week. He had to give in when four miles from the French coast.

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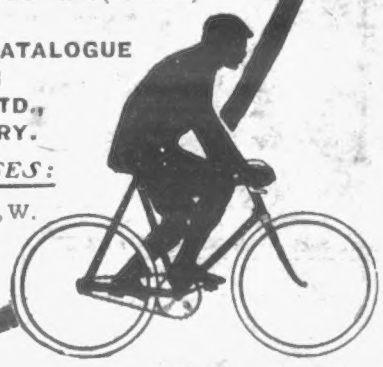

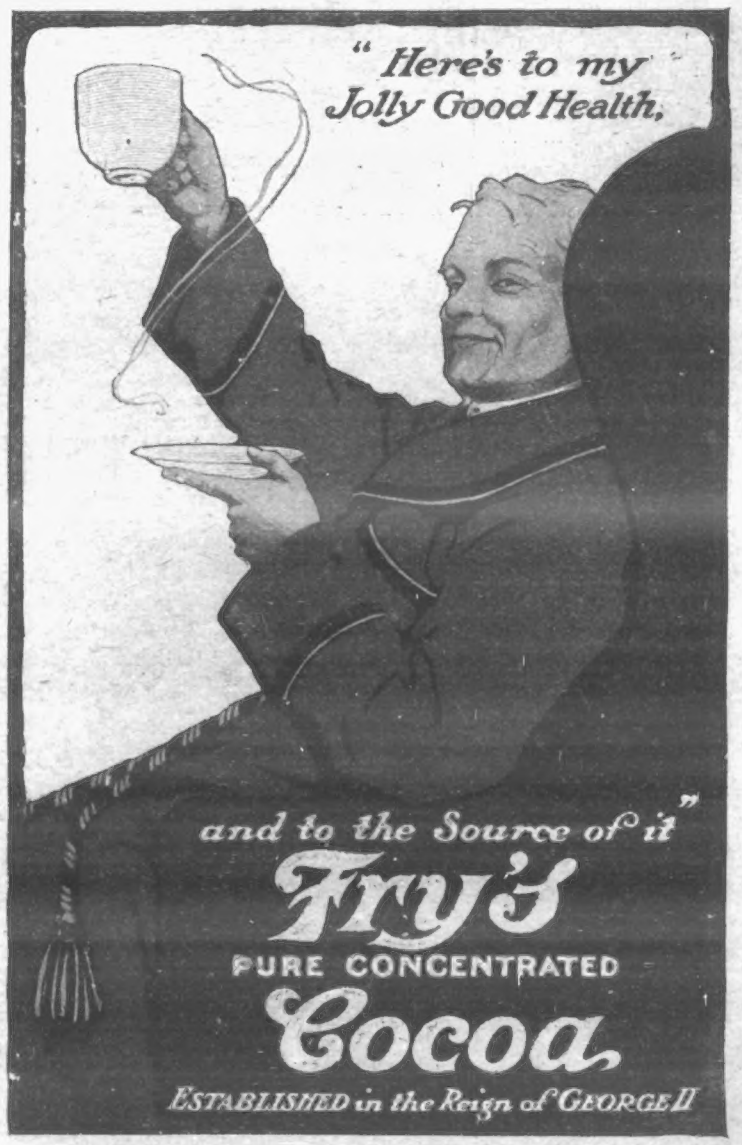

THE GREAT PLOT.

- BY -

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XXVI.

In Which Ethel is Confidential.

"Ah!" he said, "that's just the mystery. Your poor sister was struck by some hand practised in the art of assassination, I am inclined to believe. I went rather more thoroughly into the details, I think, than the police, and I came to the conclusion that whoever struck the blow did so from the motive of sudden revenge."

"But Nella never had an enemy. She was most popular everywhere."

"One never knows who is one's real friend or secret enemy," he said gravely, for a moment lost in deep thought.

"Well," she exclaimed, "I consider that the police have acted absurdly. They bungled from the very beginning, and then coolly admitted that they were incompetent to explain the tragic affair, and were so far 'at sea' that they could not entertain suspicions of anybody."

"The police are sometimes at fault in such cases," he remarked. "You see, they were not in possession of facts, as I was. I had more to work upon."

"And what have you really discovered?" she asked eagerly. "Do tell me, Mr. Hutton. I feel somehow that you have learnt much more regarding the tragedy than you have ever admitted."

"No," he responded evasively. "It is true, Miss Milbourne, that I've been very busy of late making inquiries, but, although the result has not been altogether unsatisfactory, it has, I regret, only served to increase the mystery rather than to lessen it."

"What, then, you find features in the affair which are still unaccountable?"

"Many are absolutely enigmatical. At present I can distinguish no connection with what, to me, appear to be the main points."

Then, after they had paused to look into a jeweller's shop, they walked on again, and he said suddenly:

"I wanted to ask you one or two questions about Clipson."

"Clipson?" she said quickly. "Do you really suspect him?"

"No, on the contrary," was his reply; "your uncle seems to have had perfect confidence in him, and since he has been in your mother's employ he has proved himself a model servant—has he not?"

"Yes, he's most devoted to us," she said, not, however, without a slight hesitation which he was quick to notice.

"But you don't like him? Now, tell me the truth."

"Well, I certainly do not like him as well as Ward, our old coachman, who died. That may be because I had known Ward ever since I was a child, when he used to teach me how to ride my pony."

"But what is your objection to Clipson? Is it his manner, his personal appearance, his action, or what? You are a woman, Miss Milbourne, and your powers of penetration are much more acute than mine. If you will explain your feelings towards him minutely it will be of the greatest service to me."

"Well, really, I hardly know how to describe them," she said, after a brief pause. "I admit that I don't like the fellow. All the others sing his praises, just as Nella used to do, but to me he is just the opposite. I'm sure he doesn't like me, for he knows that I've penetrated his character."

"And how do you read him?"

"My opinion is that he is masquerading," she answered. "For a long time past I've watched him narrowly, and have seen that he's far too superior to have always been a coachman. I've overheard him speaking with the other servants sometimes, and have noted his authoritative and superior manner with them."

"What account does he give of himself?" Hutton asked, adding: "I should have asked your mother all this, but I feared to arouse her suspicions or cause her unnecessary worry. You understand?"

"Oh! exactly," Ethel replied. "Well, the fellow says he was coachman to a Mr. George Miles, a merchant who lived somewhere in Kensington, and afterwards in the service of the Marquis of Weldon and of Lady Thornhaugh. I had the curiosity to write to the latter, and certainly found that he had not lied. He had been in her service for a few months, in 1897, and her ladyship recommended him as a most trustworthy man."

"Then his story will hold water?" remarked Hutton, rather surprised.

"Only in that particular," she said quickly. "The Secretary to the Marquis of Weldon replied curtly that no such person had ever been in his lordship's employ. That fixed the exemplary Clipson in lie number one. After very carefully approaching the subject one day when he was driving me alone in the dogcart, I obtained from him the address of Mr. George Miles, to whom I also wrote. The letter was returned to me by the Post Office marked 'Unknown.'"

"Then, in that case, Clipson is proved to have been romancing?" he remarked. "But, further than that, what circumstances have occurred that you've viewed with suspicion?"

"Why, Mr. Hutton, I never spoke of any circumstances!" she exclaimed in surprise. "You really seem to be a thought-reader."

"I have only made deductions from what you've told me," he said. "You dislike Clipson, and have some reason for doing so."

"I certainly do mistrust him, and it annoys me to hear mother and Sylvia sing his praises so incessantly. I think they really do so only because he was so strongly recommended by Uncle Austen."

"Ah! tell me how the man came to enter your mother's service," he urged, interested.

"Well, when Ward died, Uncle Austen at once said he knew a most excellent man, and described him as a paragon of all the virtues. He was then in a situation, but, at my uncle's suggestion, he gave notice and came to us. I did not like him from the first, for it was quite apparent to me that he was on much more friendly terms with my uncle than a mere coachman should be. Indeed, he used often to go upstairs at Uncle Austen's invitation, and remain with him in his room talking. It was that fact which first gave me the idea that he was masquerading, combined with a conversation which one afternoon I overheard. I was passing the door of my uncle's room, which was ajar, when I heard voices raised as in heated discussion, and I distinguished that they were those of Uncle Austen and Clipson. But they were not speaking in English. It was some foreign language, and the coachman was talking just as fluently as my uncle was!"

"That's remarkable," observed Hutton, his brows knit in deep reflection. "You haven't any idea what language it was, I suppose?"

"No, I can't distinguish French from any others. I never learnt a foreign tongue at school, as did Sylvia. I suppose they thought that, for an unimportant person like myself, it was unnecessary."

"Oh! it's a pity you could not have distinguished in what language they were speaking. But has this Clipson ever since given any sign that he could speak a foreign language?"

"No. I asked him once in a casual way if he knew any French, to which he replied, 'No, miss; I don't know any foreign language.'"

"Which was a distinct lie—eh?"

"Most certainly," she said. "I waited outside my uncle's door a full couple of minutes, and most distinctly heard all that passed. Uncle was apparently insisting that Clipson should do something that he stoutly refused to do. This caused Uncle Austen to give vent to a torrent of words and to strike his table to emphasise them."

"Then the two men quarrelled?" Hutton remarked. "That seems very curious on the face of it. Did the quarrel last long?"

"No, I saw them talking together quite affably on the following day."

Photo, Lallie Charles.

The latest portrait of Miss Alice Crawford, the well-known London actress.

"And how long was this before your uncle's death?"

"About a week. Not more," she answered, and then added: "Ah! I never thought of that. Do you anticipate that Uncle Austen did not die by natural means?"

"I was not present," he answered, "therefore I can give no opinion. It is, however, a very peculiar circumstance that your uncle should die suddenly, within one week of the quarrel with the man, although the coachman was apparently one of his intimate friends."

"Yes," she said, after a few moments' reflection, "I quite agree with you—it is."

"Well, if I were you, I would contrive to watch him, Miss Ethel, and if anything suspicious occurs report to me. Will you?"

"Certainly. It is entirely a matter between ourselves."

"Yes; don't mention your suspicions to a soul. Recollect that I am trying to solve the mystery of your sister's death, just as you are doing."

He glanced at her as he uttered those words, and saw that, being warm with walking, she had unfastened her sable necklet, and there was displayed beneath an antique piece of jewellery, evidently of Byzantine workmanship, which served to clasp the collar of her jacket. Of most delicate formation, it was in the form of a double cross, while in the centre was set a curious piece of uncut grey stone, about half an inch square, which gave it the appearance of some relic of one or other of the saints.

"Excuse me," he said, bending towards her, "what a very uncommon clasp you have there."

"Yes," she replied, "isn't it peculiar? It was among Uncle Austen's jewellery he had collected abroad. Mother gave it to me a few months ago."

"Well," he said, examining it as closely as he could, in the open street, "if I were you, I wouldn't walk about London with such a very valuable ornament openly displayed. Some thief might be attracted by it and snatch it off, in the crowd. Put your fur over it again," he urged quickly.

"Oh, I don't think it is of such very great value."

He was silent for some minutes. Then he said ambiguously:

"If you took my advice, Miss Ethel, you wouldn't wear it often. It may not appear to you to be of value, but I have no doubt it is worth a very considerable sum, and to wear jewels openly in London streets is always dangerous."

Having walked with her up the Edgware Road, to the corner of Chapel Street, he put her in an omnibus, to go to Miss Hurst's, the family dressmaker, who lived in Talbot Road, Bayswater, and, promising to go to the Haymarket that night, bade her adieu.

They parted at a quarter to four, for he had glanced at his watch as he turned to retrace his steps to the Marble Arch.

At ten minutes to six Mrs. Langdon, having returned to the hotel with her husband, found Ethel's card, and, noting the number of the room, went along the corridor and tapped loudly at the door.

She felt certain that she heard a distinct sound of movement within; still there was no response.

But the movement had suddenly ceased, and all was silent.

Four times she rapped, but there was no response.

"Strange!" she said to herself, as she turned reluctantly away, "I'm positive there's someone in there—adsolutely positive."

(To be continued.)

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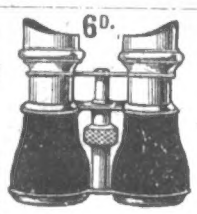
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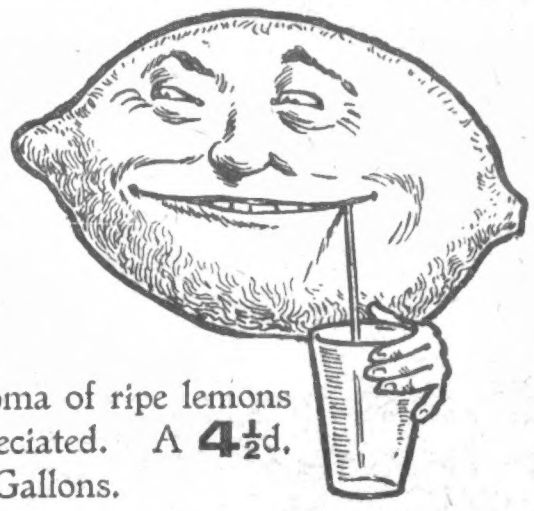

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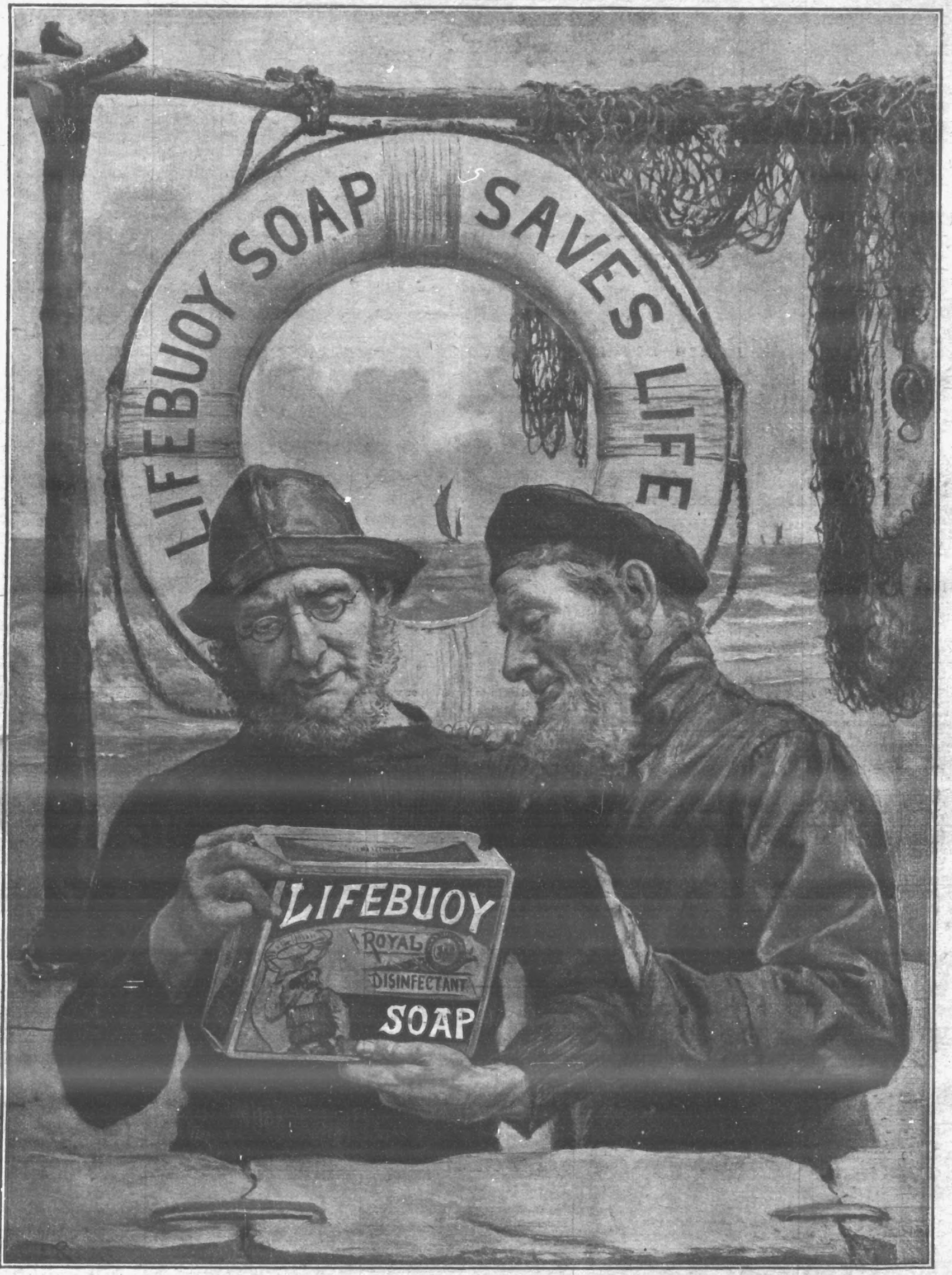

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